

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

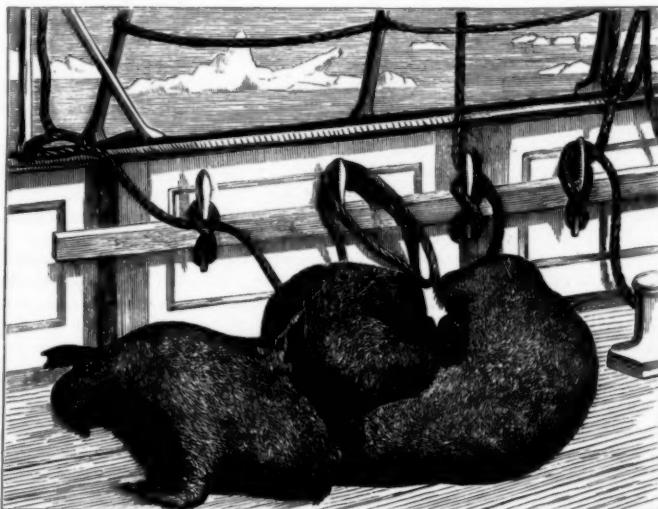
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[VOL. XV.

YACHTING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

I.



YOUNG WALRUSES ASLEEP.

TWENTY or thirty years ago travel was a simple and effective way of winning celebrity. With very little risk of person, and a very large outlay of money, the English gentleman who craved distinction of some sort made a hurried voyage to Asia, or hunted buffalo on the Plains, and returned home to take the prominent place in society which neither his natural abilities nor his attainments could have obtained for him.

But things are different now. Even the man who has circled the world half a dozen times, and has left his footprints in most civilized countries, is no longer an object of interest in the *conversations*, but is passed by as a very ordinary person indeed. Year after year the irrepressible army of English and American tourists have invaded new countries, leaving neither the bleak fords of Norway, the hot sands of Algeria, nor the primitive settlements of the remote French provinces, unfamiliar with their presence. And nothing less than such extraordinary exhibitions of courage and endurance as Stanley, in his African explorations, and McGahan, in his "Campaigning on the Oxus," have given us counts in securing a place worth having in the geographical guild.

We have become more exacting in the matter, and the man who travels for pleasure

simply, and keeps to the beaten track of hotels and steamers, cannot claim, and does not receive, any special distinction. But the century has developed others with whom travel is a genuine and absorbing passion, which neither the prospect of hazard nor outlay quenches, and of these Mr. James Lamont, whose book¹ lies before us, is in every way a shining example. This gentleman was a wealthy member of the British Parliament, and abandoned a seat, which cost him much money and three arduous contests, to enter upon an expedition of discovery into the arctic regions, fitted out exclusively at his own expense. A grander or more costly pastime cannot be imagined, and the records of the undertaking are as fascinating as a romance.

Mr. Lamont had a steamer built on the Clyde, in 1869, expressly for this voyage, and called her the Diana. She was rigged as a three-masted schooner of two hundred and fifty-one tons, with compound engines of thirty horse-power; and in her internal fittings she was, so to speak, a cross between a yacht and a modern Scotch whaler. Her

¹ *Yachting in the Arctic Seas; or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery, etc.* By James Lamont, F. R. G. S. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

hold was divided into seventeen iron tanks for the storage of provisions, coal, etc., and she carried four life-boats. Her beams and timbers were formed of T and angle iron, wooden planking being fastened to them with yellow metal screw-bolts, and braced with numerous beams extending in every direction, especially forward. Outside she was sheathed with a planking of the Australian gum-tree, or iron-bark, a wood which seems to have been intended by Nature for the protection of ice-going vessels, as it is exceedingly hard and slippery, and not liable to split.

Mr. Lamont went to sea on April 23, 1869, with fourteen others, all told, in his gallant little vessel. Two days after losing sight of the Orkneys, they sighted the bold cliffs south of Rondöe, Norway, and then encountered a gale lasting three days, which compelled them to keep farther off the shore, and proved the Diana to be equal to the worst Atlantic weather. On May 6th, the town of Tromsöe was reached—Tromsöe being the capital of Finmark, and a place much frequented by British tourists, who come to see the midnight sun. Additional stores were taken aboard, and six Norwegians were shipped.

Mr. Lamont learned here that it would be impossible to penetrate east of Spitzbergen, in the direction of the shadowy Gillis's Land and Wiche's Land, so early in the season, and he decided to explore the seas west of Nova Zembla, and that interesting country itself as far north as the ice might permit; thence to skirt the great ice-pack stretching in a wide sweep from Nova Zembla to Spitzbergen, and, while investigating its character, to seize any opportunity which might present itself for penetrating it.

Leaving Tromsöe, the Diana called at several small fishing-settlements, in which every bit of land not occupied by a hovel or a boat is graced with festoons of drying fish, while the beach is strewed with all kinds of boats, tackle, and the personal effects of the ever-changing population of Norwegians, Finns, Lapps, Russians, Americans, and English. The outskirts of these settlements are marked by immense caldrons, in which cod-livers are rendered for the European market.

The industry of which the town of Vardöe is the centre is known as the heavy or "lode" fishing, so called from its dependence on a small, sprat-like creature that abounds

in the summer months. The cod follows and preys upon this lode in such numbers that the men in the boats capture from four to six thousand cod each per day, and Mr. Lamont authenticates the statement that, when the cod is feeding, a stone thrown into the water sinks with difficulty, so thick are the fish.

Advantage was taken of the smooth water of the harbor to set up a "crow's-nest," which is indispensable to a vessel engaged in arctic exploration. Its object is to afford a shelter from the freezing winds to an observer stationed sufficiently high above the deck to command a wide sweep of the horizon, and, in order to realize what it is, it is only necessary to imagine an empty cask secured to the main-topmast, a few feet below the truck. Its furniture comprises a seat and a four-foot telescope. The Diana's was fixed at sixty-four feet from the deck, and opened to the vision a horizon of eight miles.

The explorers again sailed northward, and the sea-temperature began to fall by a beautiful series of gradations till the day before that on which ice was met, when it stood at 29.5° Fahr. All hands were now employed in fitting up, mounting, and painting the walrus-boats, grinding harpoons and lances, paying-out line, splicing, serving, knotting, and making other preparations for the sport that was anticipated.

A walrus-boat is carvel-built, twenty-one feet long by five in the beam; bow-shaped at both ends; strong, light, swift, and easily turned on her own centre, the latter quality being attained in having the keel a great deal depressed in the middle; stem and stern are heavily boarded to resist the ice. Each of the crew rows with a pair of oars held in grummets to stout thole-pins; the steerer directs the boat by also rowing a pair of oars with his face to the bow; and, as there are six thwarts, each thirty inches apart, he can, if necessary, sit down and pull with the others.

The harpooner always rows the bow-oars, and is, of course, the commander of the boat; he alone uses the weapons and the telescope, and next to him is placed the strongest man in the boat, who hands him the harpoons and lances, and holds and hauls in the line when a walrus is struck.

Each boat is usually supplied with six harpoon-heads, lines, and other requisites, mentioned in detail by Mr. Lamont, to whose book we refer the sportsman who wants further particulars. There are lockers fore and aft, in which a small quantity of food and a few tools are always stored, for, when a boat leaves the ship, if it is only to kill a seal a quarter of a mile off, the crew are not certain that they will ever see her again. In the excitement of the chase, they are led on from one troop of walruses to another. The dense fog and the sudden gales of the northern seas come on and prevent them from finding their way back.

The arctic circle was crossed by those on board the Diana without ceremony, and the midnight sun was seen for the first time, three-quarters of a degree above the horizon, on the night of May 18th. The phenomenon is not so striking as might be supposed. The

twilight lengthens gradually, and reading on deck at 10, 11, and 12 o'clock P.M. becomes a matter of course, unattended by any special characteristics to astonish the beholder.

For four months no lamp or candle was lighted on board the ship, and day followed night regulated in thick weather only by the chronometer.

Another curious feature of the arctic seas are the local fogs, which suddenly envelop a vessel in the middle of a bright, unclouded day, and, when land or icebergs are near, place her in greatest peril. The explorer enters them as one might venture into the sombre precincts of a dense forest, and, after groping about for a short time, he emerges from them to encounter the same bright weather and clear horizon that he has recently left.

On the morning of May 22d Kolguev was sighted from the crow's-nest, and the Diana was soon afterward in a field of ice, with a strong northeaster blowing upon her.

The summer gales of Nova Zembla may be classified as with and without snow. The former are productive of the most abject state of despair. Only the crew actually engaged on deck, and the Norseman at the wheel, with his feet in a bag of hay and his beard incrusted with snow need face the eddying clouds of white, which are driven into every corner of the ship. With scarcely a rag of canvas set, the vessel beats uneasily up and down the edge of the ice, or, apprehensive of the drift by leeway and unknown currents, slants out through the lugubrious mists to secure an offing. Sometimes the lifting clouds allow the seamen to gaze wearily on the black cliffs, where they run out from the mainland to end in treacherous reefs; on the eternal snows which cover the dreary uplands and ledges of the cliffs, or on the dark water laden with moving masses of ice. The damp fog and driving sleet leave a glassy, slippery covering on every exposed part. Two inches of ice on deck in a continuous slide from the cook's galley to the cabin sometimes reduce the number of courses at dinner, for the steward is not a skillful skater. Frequent tacks are made to avoid rocks on one side and the stream of icebergs on the other, and at every tack a crisp shower of icicles falling from the rigging gives the deck the appearance of a recently-demolished glass-shop. The noise of the floating ice crashing against the bows sometimes culminates in a terrific shock, causing the ship to quiver from stem to stern, and the extreme angle at which she keels over to the leeward makes ordinary occupations impossible.

The sacred island of Kolguev, which has been mentioned, is not permanently inhabited, owing to its inaccessibility and the poverty of its vegetation. But the Russian traders in the White Sea obtain revenue from the game which frequents this lonely spot. Wandering and houseless Samoyedes, a people about whom we shall have more to say hereafter, are placed on the island in the spring by the Russians, and provided with all necessary implements for hunting. They hunt the walrus, seal, bear, and fox, and in summer they rob the nests of the geese and

swans for eggs, and the nests of the eider-duck for both eggs and down. Before the autumn migration takes place large captures are also made of ducks, geese, and swans, which are salted for the Russian market, and, with all the other spoils, are surrendered to the traders who call from time to time.

The only record of any attempt made to colonize Kolguev is that of the year 1767, when a persecuted religious sect took refuge here. Scurvy proved such a scourge that the few survivors were soon glad to leave an asylum where spiritual liberty was only to be purchased at the price of bodily mortification.

Mr. Lamont had the satisfaction of "drawing first blood" on May 27th, when a bull-walrus was shot and a baby-walrus captured alive. The crew were anxious to take the young one back to England with them, but at first it seemed that they might as well have undertaken the nurture of a human one-day-old, though it became a great pet afterward.

The little beast made the day hideous and sleep a perpetual nightmare with its plaintive cries, and would not be pacified by the boatswain's tenderest caresses nor any food that the men could offer.

A walrus-hunt, if the game is in the water, excels in the excitement and exhilaration it affords. Five pair of oars pulled with the utmost strength drive the row-boat so rapidly along the surface that she seems to fly, while, perhaps, a hundred walruses, bellowing, blowing, snorting, and splashing, whiten the sea with foam.

The harpooner stands, the one foot on the thwart and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled in his right hand and his lance poised in the air. The herd usually keeps close together. One moment a hundred grizzly heads and long, gleaming, white tusks are seen above the waves, and the next moment a hundred pair of hind-flappers flourish and disappear.

On goes the boat as hard as the men can pull; up come the sea-horses again, pretty close this time, and, before they can draw breath, the boat rushes into the midst of them. The harpoon is aimed and thrown. It strikes a cub, which is quickly hauled in, as its mother, snorting with rage, charges at the men only to meet her death. Half the herd now rise breast-high in the tumultuous water, and threaten to tear the hunters to pieces, as the cub, or junger, cries more pitifully for help. Two more are killed, when the young one dies, and the others, no longer attracted by its barking, fall back for consultation.

The whole herd are interested in a calf, and its barking will bring them from a distance, or excite them to the greatest degree of ferocity. Under most circumstances the polar bear is superior to the walrus as a foe, but, whenever it ventures to seize a young one, it is overwhelmed, dragged under water, and instantly killed.

The maternal instincts of the walrus are remarkably developed, and Mr. Lamont tells an illustrative anecdote about it which vitiates considerably the interest of the chase. He had hit a cow that was dragging the boat furiously among some icebergs by the line

attached to the lance, and he was about to shoot her through the head, when he perceived that she held a very young calf under her right flapper. Every time a fresh weapon was thrown, she watched its direction and interposed her own body, seeming to receive with pleasure several harpoons that were intended for her offspring, until at last the pair were killed together.

The walrus is a distinctly carnivorous animal, its food consisting of the mollusca, which it finds on rocks exposed by the tide, or by diving for it in from ten to twenty-five fathoms of water over submarine banks. Fish has occasionally been found in their stomachs. An isolated fact of this kind, together with the similarity of the walrus and the seal in form, might suggest a similarity in food, but this would be refuted by a study of

or feeding. For many years past they have been threatened with extermination by professional hunters, who capture them for their skins, blubber, and tusks, all of which have a large commercial value.

Two days of sport on board the Diana were followed by a northeasterly gale lasting three days, during which the perusal of arctic literature and meteorological calculations were only varied by a visit to the hold or engine-room. In the former, amusement was found in efforts to wean the young walrus already mentioned, which still kept up a doleful barking, especially when preserved milk was injected into his throat by an instrument borrowed from the doctor's case. He afterward became very affectionate, however, and exhibited a marvelous knack in climbing and other tricks.

closes in upon her, preventing retreat or advance, and the crew are imprisoned for the season, fortunate if their shelter is not crushed to pieces before the next summer.

June 5th was the most genial day Mr. Lamont ever experienced in the arctic regions. Light, fleecy clouds sailed gently across the blue sky, and huge blocks of ice, gleaming like the purest crystal in the sun, and honeycombed by the water into sapphire and emerald caves, floated smoothly by. On deck, with the steady keel and agreeable temperature, the morning was passed in reading, writing, and sketching, and examining anchor-mud under the microscope for diatoms, etc. But you must not imagine that it was warm. At noon the thermometer stood only half a degree above freezing-point, the dis-



A BEAR-HUNT.

the comparative clumsiness of the walrus, and a due appreciation of the formidable tusks which are used to plough up the sea bottom in a search for shells.

We do not propose to speak of the physiology of the walrus, however, and again refer those who are interested to Mr. Lamont's work, but will confine ourselves to a few observations of its habits. It is essentially an animal of the coast and shallow water. Little is known of its life in winter, but it is probable that it seeks with thousands of its kind the southwesterly edges of the great ice-packs in Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen. As soon as the ice begins to break up in the spring the walruses move with it, and as summer advances they go ashore in some rocky bay, remaining, it is said, for weeks together in a semi-torpid state without moving.

On June 2d the gale abated, and the southwest land of Nova Zembla, with a fringe of fast ice, was sighted; but, as no game appeared, the Diana stood off for a fresh cruise, during which she passed through much cruise ice. Navigation of this kind is apt to be somewhat thrilling. The true thickness of the obstacle cannot well be judged from the deck, and the vessel rushes into it at the rate of seven knots an hour. For a moment she comes to a dead stop, but her propeller urges her past the first obstacle, and she leaps forward to encounter another, till, hemmed in on all sides, she settles down to a steady pace, and ultimately bores her way into open water.

It is easy to imagine from this how a ship is often hopelessly beset. The ice proves denser than was anticipated, and

crepancy between the appreciable temperature being due to the dryness of the air.

An abandoned sloop, hemmed in with heavy ice, was passed, her dark hull and shattered mast standing out in silhouette outlines against the white background; and in the afternoon the Diana fell in with some Samoyedes hunting walruses on the ice.

The Samoyedes are dark-skinned and decidedly Mongolian in type, having long hair like the Esquimaux, and flashing black beads of eyes. Their dress, as is usual with arctic tribes, consists of trousers and long coats of reindeer-skins, fastened by a girdle around the waist, with an Icelandic shirt underneath.

They were exceedingly friendly with the crew of the Diana, and, when they were presented with a small sheaf of clay-pipes and

a pound of tobacco, they were so overcome with joy that they pressed upon Mr. Lamont every skin and article of value they had with them.

Rounding North Goose Cape, the explorers anchored on the 12th of June near the western boundary of Goose Harbor, with the frozen sea on one side and the gloomy coast on the other. Low hills thickly covered with snow, except where a speck of black earth peeped out, stretched away inland, while the shore was emphasized by horrible black rocks in every direction.

A short journey was made into the interior. The ground was soft and spongy, except on the elevated ridges, where the limestone rocks have been reduced by the action of the weather into coarse grit and sand. No flowers were visible, but a few weeks later the seed-capsules adhering to last year's stems promised to be hidden in a luxuriant carpet of succulent grasses and dwarf flowers of every hue.

On the morning after leaving this harbor the Diana met with a slight accident. She was steaming easily through a thick fog when the men below were startled by her striking a rock, on which she stuck hard and fast. But, after all hands had bundled twenty bags of coal aft, she floated off uninjured.

Early on the following morning a polar bear was sighted. A small boat was lowered and Mr. Lamont gave chase, firing a shot which took effect in the brute's shoulder. With a savage roar, Bruin still attempted to run, but Mr. Lamont sprang from the boat on to the ice, and finally dispatched him with a shot in the heart. He proved to be a very large male in very fine condition. His long, silky hair, almost as white as snow, hung down over his hard gray claws, and his open mouth exhibited a perfect and terrible array of teeth. His stomach contained an entire seal.

Steaming on, the Diana next reached the east mouth of the strait, opposite to Bolvansky, the northeast point of Waygat Islands, where an interesting collection of Samoyede idols was once to be seen. Some seals were shot, including a very small specimen of the species known as the floe-rat, which is the smallest of all arctic seals. It usually frequents quiet, sheltered waters, or basks on the ice-floes; and on calm nights many of its kind surrounded the ship, and even attempted to climb up the sides in their curiosity. The most interesting fact in connection with this seal is its identity with the fossil seal of the Scotch brick-clays. The cranium of a floe-rat obtained in one of Mr. Lamont's voyages was submitted to Professor Turner, of Edinburgh, who decided that the correspondence between the two was perfect, and a reasonable deduction is that at the time when the clays were deposited an arctic climate prevailed over Scotland.

The captain's eager desire for game was not allowed to languish many days in succession, and at eight o'clock one morning he was notified from the crow's-nest that an enormous walrus was asleep among the loose ice. The boats were lowered, and the men quickly pulled toward the game. The harpooner assured Mr. Lamont that if he at-

tacked so large and powerful an animal he would be inevitably pulled under water, but he was not to be deterred.

The monster lay asleep, with his broad back exposed to the attacking party, and the heart of the boldest man in the boat beat quicker as they gradually neared him, Mr. Lamont kneeling, with his rifle cocked, in the bow, and the harpooner with his weapon poised for a sudden aim. The bull, awaking, slowly raised his head from the ice, and made a deliberate search with his eyes, ears, and nose. The last sniff was not satisfactory, for, although he apparently did not see the boat, he seemed to be seized with a suspicion of danger in the air.

When the men were within about twenty yards of him, Mr. Lamont fired and sent a bullet crashing through his skull; at the same moment a harpoon pierced his body, and he rolled over off the ice into deep water. It was supposed that the bullet had entered his brain, but the cold plunge re-vived him, and in an instant he swam under, drawing every inch of the line attached to the harpoon out. The harpooner's warning seemed likely to be realized. The walrus remained below a long time, and when he came up showed so little of his head that it was impossible to get a good shot.

Again he dived and made a furious rush, first forward, and then back under the boat—the most dangerous thing he could do, for it was likely he would impale the boat with his tusks. The third time he appeared, Mr. Lamont's shot missed him; but the fourth time he surrendered in answer to a bullet which tore through his brain.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

“BUT how on earth came you to burn yourself?”

“It was that old idiot Jefferson who has done it; I hope he will feel what it is himself some day—only hotter and longer. It's getting better now. I'm really quite ashamed to have exhibited such—such excitement. I fancy I must almost have screamed aloud.”

“Well, yes, you almost did. But how on earth came you to take *Jefferson's* advice? I should have thought you the very last man in the country to follow out any of his old-world prescriptions.”

“His prescriptions! I should think so. He should not prescribe for my tomcat. But the fact is I was obliged to call him in to consultation—the old humbug!—with respect to Jonathan Landell up yonder. The man is dying—even Jefferson knew that; but, just to spite me, and because he knew I had no such thing as a cupping-glass in my possession, he recommended cupping. He might as well have suggested an amulet or toad's broth. He is a medical pagan, and believes in all the dead-and-gone divinities of science.”

“So I have always heard,” said Dalton,

consolingly. “He goes about with a cane that has salt in the head of it, and wears a muff like Dr. Ratcliffe, does he not? You have left him nobody to murder, however, in the county, as I have always been told, except a few old dowagers.”

“That is true,” said the doctor, sitting down and nursing his bare leg; “and it is on that very account that he has revenged himself upon me in this terrible manner. ‘Mr. Landell,’ he said, in his pompous way, ‘should, in my humble opinion, be cupped. I say nothing of any shortcoming in his treatment hitherto’ (hang his impudence! think of that); ‘but the time has now arrived for stringent measures.’

“‘Well,’ said I, wishing to humor the old fool, ‘cupping can't hurt him anyway.’ There I was wrong; it hurts abominably, that is, unless you are very clever at it; and I have never cupped a man in my life. Nobody ever has who is not a hundred years old. ‘I will cup him by all means.’

“‘Do so, do so,’ said the old humbug, in his stately way; and off he went, drawn by those half-starved cattle of his, to prescribe some other tomfoolery to somebody else.

“It was not till he had gone that it struck me I had no cupping-glasses. One might as well be expected to have a crucible or a mud-bath ready at a moment's notice; and, though I have no doubt Jefferson himself possesses the article—for his house is like an antiquarian museum in that way—I was not going to put myself under an obligation to him by borrowing it. So I wrote to such of my professional brethren as were most likely to own such an instrument, to ask the loan of it. I was obliged to explain the circumstances, lest they should think me out of my wits, so that it consumed much valuable time; and, after all, only one out of ten possessed the thing I sought.

“‘Pray keep it,’ writes he, in the letter which accompanied it, ‘for it is of no value except as a relic of an exploded system. My grandfather used to say it required an education to learn the use of it.’ You have to keep a flame up under the glass, you see—like this, any bit of paper will do—and then, just as the flame is about to expire, you clap the thing on. Well, I had to try it upon somebody; and, since I could not persuade my groom to oblige me in the matter, I tried it upon myself. The calf of the leg seemed to be a safe place for the experiment; and, just as the flame was about to expire, as I thought, I applied the glass, which I am bound to say stuck on, no force on earth would have moved it; the predictions of science were so far accomplished to admiration; but the fire had not quite gone out. There was a living flame, sir, attached to my naked flesh with a glass over it, as though it were some precious crocus. I had to put the strongest control upon my feelings to avoid bellowing like a bull.”

“You did make rather a noise, my dear sir,” said Dalton, on whom the ludicrous effect of the scene was by no means lost, notwithstanding his melancholy mood.

“Not half such a noise as you would have made,” retorted the doctor, with irritation. “Now, just let me try it on the calf

of your leg. It's a most interesting experiment in itself, and also—incidentally—involves a great question of theology. No one who has gone through with it can ever subscribe to the doctrine of the Calvinistic religion as respects the place of the wicked hereafter. I don't care how wicked a man has been, he can never deserve to bear a living flame applied to any sensitive portion of his person, and *stuck* on so that nobody can put it out. I'll guarantee to effect a complete revolution of opinion in the Scottish nation, if they will come to me without breeks and—now, do just let me try."

The doctor's manner was most cordial and persuasive; you would really have imagined that he had the abolition of human error and superstition as his object, instead of that of excusing himself for the exhibition of a personal weakness. But Dalton was adamant, and grave withal. His sense of amusement had passed away; he almost felt a disgust with himself at having been made to smile when such heavy cares were sitting on his shoulders.

"No," said he; "I will take your word for it, Curzon; and I have a pain of my own which is quite sufficient—though it may not be such torture as you describe—without being experimentalized upon."

"To be sure, I forgot your toothache," answered the doctor, cheerily. He had rolled back the leg of his trousers, and began to assume his professional air.

"I wish I could forget it," continued Dalton. "It tormented me all night. You said you would give me a little laudanum for it."

"Well, laudanum is a bad thing to take to—as, indeed, are all things to make one sleep, notwithstanding some of them have such fine names, and are so 'highly recommended by the faculty.' I should suggest eau de Cologne and sal-volatile in warm water to allay the pain, or—if you are really resolved not to eject so unpleasant a tenant—perhaps a little myrrh."

"Put me up what you please, but some laudanum as well, in case the milder remedies should not relieve the pain."

"Very good."

The surgery was lined with bottles, as a library is lined with books; and the doctor proceeded to take down one or two and pour out a little of their contents into a small phial. Dalton watched him with an air less careless than abstracted, and presently said, gravely:

"After all, Curzon, this is not the matter about which I have come to consult you, but something very different, and much more serious."

"All right, my good friend. I am ready to give you my best attention; but just let me premise that patients generally—even sensible ones, like yourself—are apt to consider matters very serious, when they are not so. It is the tendency of human nature to exaggerate our physical woes."

"For instance, when you blister yourself with a bit of tinder," said Dalton, forcing a smile. "Well, well, I am quite ready to be confuted; but still I have had warnings that are not, I am sure, to be lightly regarded.

What I am about to tell you is, of course, in the strictest confidence, and to be revealed to no one, not even to my wife."

"My dear Dalton, a doctor's shop is the same as the confessional, except that folks tell us a deal more than they ever tell the priest. Of course I shall be mum, as a mouse. Now about these warnings. You think you have got heart-disease, of course?"

"How did you know that?" exclaimed Dalton, with extreme surprise. "Do I look like a man in that way? Have you observed it for yourself of late?"

"Not a bit of it," was the doctor's cool reply. "But everybody who has 'warnings' imagines them to proceed from the same cause—the heart. Similarly, everybody who spits blood—as happens to about every five people out of six in the course of their lives—sets it down to lungs."

"But I am quite sure there *is* something wrong—and very much wrong—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the doctor; "you can't be *sure*! Doctors cannot always be sure—unless it is some such old fool as Dr. Jefferson—and patients never. Now, please to describe your symptoms."

"Well, I have been suffering for some time—"

"How long? It is above all things necessary to be explicit."

There was a pause; Dalton was searching his memory.

"About six months back I began to be affected with palpitations—an uneasy sense of movements in the heart. These have increased in frequency and in violence. Of late they have given me occasionally great pain. At such times, I have felt a stupendous oppression—and even a sensation of impending death."

"Have you ever read about heart-disease in any medical work?" inquired the doctor.

Dalton hesitated.

"Well, yes, I believe I have."

"So do I," answered the other, coolly; "and I should have believed it, even if you had said 'No.' I sometimes wish that all our professional books were tabooed to the public, as the Bible used to be to laymen. They have done more harm by putting morbid fancies into people's heads than they have done good in healing their real diseases. I would not have them chained to a church-table, because all the women go there, and would be sure to read them; but I would have them written in dog-Latin, so that neither the learned nor unlearned should be able to make them out, but only doctors."

"What I have read, however, only corroborates what I have felt," said Dalton, gravely.

"No doubt, my dear sir; but it is astonishing how these things seem to suggest themselves, when they are, in fact, suggested. However, I have a little instrument here which is very truthful, and little apt even to make a mistake. 'Prithee, undo this button,' as Lear says. Open your waistcoat."

Dalton did as was required, and the doctor applied his stethoscope, putting his head on one side, like a sagacious magpie, and listening attentively. Who has not at one

time or another of his life been thumped about, and been bidden to take deep breaths, to cough, and all the rest of it, with a human ear glued to his chest? It is even less necessary to describe than vaccination, since some people, rather than submit to the latter operation—common fate of mortals though it be—prefer to pay half-sovereign penalties and to catch the small-pox.

"Have you had any anxieties of late, Dalton?"

The doctor was still engaged in thumping when he put this inquiry, so he could not see how the other's pale face flushed.

"You need not reply to that question unless you please," continued the investigator, "for I have already been informed that it is so."

"Who can have told you, since nobody knows of them but myself?" inquired Dalton, quickly.

"The stethoscope. Now, you can button up your waistcoat."

"Then, I suppose I was right in concluding that I must at least take care of myself?"

"All people who have reached middle life may say as much as that, my good sir," returned the doctor, quietly.

"Yes; but I am conscious that there is something amiss. Pray do not hesitate to tell me if it be so."

"I do not find anything organically amiss."

"But functionally, you do?"

"I did not say so. You are getting into the medical books again."

"Well, I will ask you one question, to which I desire to have a simple 'Yes' or 'No.' Will you give me that plain answer?"

"I shall treat you as a sensible man, you may be sure. It is not always well to give a patient such an answer. It is very seldom judicious so to do—in the case of women, for example; though there are some women, like your wife, who are better able to bear it than most men."

"Then you agree with me that my case is really serious?"

"Is that the question to which you required the simple 'Yes' or 'No'?"

"No. I wish to know whether you are not of opinion that I am likely—well, I will put it less strongly. After what I have told you, and what you have discovered for yourself, would you be greatly surprised to hear of my sudden death at any moment?"

"I should not be greatly surprised."

"Thank you. That is what I thought."

"Most people situated as you are—with just the best wife and children in the world, so far as I have seen—would say, 'That is what I feared,' Mr. Dalton."

"I have thought about it too much of late to feel fear," said Dalton, gravely. "There are some presentiments, I venture to think, that are not merely fanciful."

"There are some, indeed, that work out their own fulfillment, and therefore which should not be encouraged," put in the doctor, with still greater seriousness. "May I ask, Mr. Dalton, if your life is insured?—I have startled you, which is just what should

be avoided in these cases. Pray, forgive my stupid blundering. It is insured, is it not?"

"Yes, it is insured, though only for a sum comparatively small."

"Just so. I only asked the question because incidental circumstances so much affect these cases.—Now, you must oblige me, before you leave, by taking at least a glass of wine and a sandwich."

"But I have only just breakfasted."

"Yes, but you have since then had a walk over the crags. It is very necessary to one in your condition—or supposed condition, for I have by no means issued your death-warrant, remember—to give the system constant support."

"But really—"

"Nay; you wish to keep strong and well, I suppose; you are not enamored of your complaint—if you have one—as some invalids are. You shall have some lunch while I eat my dinner."

With that the doctor led the way into another room, where his simple mid-day meal was spread, which mainly consisted of a joint of cold roast-beef. The two sat down to this, and began talking of indifferent subjects—if anything in the doctor's case, who was wont to throw his whole being into every topic of discussion, could be said to be indifferent. Dalton talked but little, and ate, as it seemed, rather to occupy himself than because he had any appetite.

"I am afraid you find this beef a little tough," observed his host, apologetically.

"Not at all," replied the other. "On the contrary, I thought it remarkably tender."

"Then it seems to me, however right you may be as to your heart, my good friend, that you have rather exaggerated your tooth-ache."

Dalton looked up with a flash of anger, but his host appeared to be too busily engaged in mastication to observe it.

"I didn't recommend the pickles," he went on, coolly, "because hot things, they say, are bad for a tender tooth."

"Everything is bad for it, as it seems to me," answered Dalton, with a laugh, that only partially concealed his irritation. "However, I have no doubt your science will effect a cure. If you will allow me, I will take that mixture home with me, by-the-by, and likewise the laudanum."

"By all means," answered his host; "I will just go and put them up for you while you take another glass of wine."

The doctor was some time absent; yet Dalton did not take his wine, but sat with his head forward in an attitude of eager expectation, listening: the house was small, and the partitions thin, and he could hear the other moving about in the surgery, the chink of bottles, and even—as he fancied—the pouring of some liquor into a phial, as he had already seen the other pour it. But, as the returning steps came along the passage, the cloud cleared off his face, and it once more wore a smile.

"My dear doctor, this is a plot: you must certainly have intended me to take more liquor than is good for me, that you

have left me so long with your wine. What have you been about?"

"Nay, my dear sir, a half-starved apothecary who sells poisons must be careful of his measures. Here is the mixture and the laudanum; pray be careful of it, for there is enough there to kill half the parish."

"Thanks," said Dalton, disposing the neat little parcels in his pockets. "There is but one thing more, Curzon; it is a delicate matter; but between old friends there need be no fanciful scruples. Please to let me know what I am indebted to you?"

"What? To Robert Curzon, F.R.C.S., John Dalton, Esq., for attendance upon his wife and family. Pooh, my dear sir; that will go in at Christmas. There is nothing we doctors dislike so much as going into details; it is as bad as taxing a bill is to an attorney."

"But I particularly wish this little matter to be separate. I would not, for example, have my wife know that I came to consult you professionally on any account, and I have other reasons for secrecy."

"Very good. You are a rich man, or I would not take a penny. Let me see, if I were Dr. Jefferson, I should call it a special appointment, and charge you two guineas, which would cover the cold beef and sherry nicely: being only a general practitioner, I don't think I can screw more than one out of you."

"I can't imagine how you doctors manage to live," said Dalton, producing his purse. "You seem to me to take more pains for less money than any other class of men."

"But this is two pounds. I am afraid the whole valley has not so much change in it as you will require."

"But then there is the mixture, Curzon."

"Nay; that can surely go down in the general account, my good sir. Pride is not my weakness, but I can't sell you three-pen-worth of sal-volatile across my own dinner-table."

"Why, what is the difference? I am astonished at so sensible a man being so thin-skinned. Now we are quits for to-day's business, so let us say no more about it."

"What? Do you wish it to be understood, then, that I have sold you eighteen-shillings-and-nine-pence-worth of laudanum? Mantau's law is death to any one who sells one-half of the dose. If you are really serious in wishing to keep the whole transaction private, here is the proper change. I wish it was the general custom among folks in this neighborhood to settle with their doctor so promptly."

The settlement was indeed ridiculous, considering the smallness of the amount, and the relations between the two men, and they both endeavored to treat it as more or less of a joke. But, as a matter of fact, the affair was very embarrassing to both parties, and much more so than if they had been dealing with any important sum. Doctor and patient were equally pleased when the interview was ended, and they took leave of one another at the front door; the former to start upon his "rounds" on horseback, which his friend's visit had unusually de-

layed; and the latter to return to Riverside by the way he had come.

"I have left no footsteps behind me," muttered Dalton to himself with a sigh of satisfaction, as he strode quickly up the valley; "and I have persuaded Curzon to believe the thing I wished. What rubbish is all this pretense of Science, who can have a theory thus foisted upon her as easily as a conjurer forces a card upon a child!"

LOVE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I.

THE mothers of the Revolution placed their own heroic stamp upon the actors in that mighty drama. If we search the early lives of those who planned and achieved our independence, we find, in almost every case, the preëminent influence of a mother's heart.

And mothers' hearts in those days were run in the antique mould. A Connecticut matron sent forth her sons to battle, the youngest but fourteen years of age. Presently he returned, as he could find no musket. "Go back, my son!" cried the American mother; "go into battle and take a gun from the enemy." "Alick," said Mrs. Haynes, of North Carolina, as she equipped her son, a mere boy, for the battle of Rocky Mount—"Alick, now fight like a man. *Don't* be a coward!"

Just after the bloody fight at Hanging Rock, the venerable Mrs. Gaston was told that three of her sons were dead upon the field. "I grieve for their loss," she calmly replied, "but they could not have died in a better cause." Her grandsons were about her knees, and she would not shed a tear. The battle of King's Mountain caused Cornwallis to retreat in fear toward Camden. On the march he stopped a night on Wilson's plantation, near Steel Creek. The earl and the brutal Tarleton entered the house; and, finding Mrs. Wilson alone, asked for her family. Husband and sons were with Sumter. Cornwallis endeavored, by brilliant promises, to win the good woman's influence for the king. He told her he had just captured her husband and eldest son (which was too true), and that if she would bring her family to the royal service her loved ones should be liberated, and every man promoted to rank and power. "Sir," said this "mother of a mighty race," "I have seven sons now bearing arms; my seventh son, who is only fifteen years of age, I yesterday sent to join his brothers in Sumter's army. Now, sir, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious work, I would take these *boys*!"—and she pointed to three or four little sons—"and enlist with them myself under Sumter's banner, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and, if necessary, to *die* for their country!"

"Bring him in," said another, as her only son was brought, dead from the battle-field to her door. The shattered form was laid before her. "I see no wound"—and she looked steadily into the noble, still face—"I see only a glorified soul."

John McClure, the noblest of sons and of soldiers, fell at Hanging Rock. Borne to his mother's house, the men would have buried him as he was, for the patriots were fleeing in every direction. "No," said the dauntless woman, standing by the corpse; "bury him decently; for the servants of Satan are bound, like their master, and can go only the length of their chain."

Such women make noble daughters, as well as sons, and we find the men of the Revolution mated with equal souls. When Burgoyne advanced upon Saratoga, the whole population fled from his line of march. But the wife of General Schuyler, accompanied by only one servant, set out in a carriage for her husband's mansion at Saratoga, determined to save some valuable things before the British could arrive. Known and beloved through all that country, the terrified people flocked around her carriage, clung to the wheels and the horses, and besought her to turn back. She would not listen. They told her the story of Jane McCrea. "Drive on," said she to her servant; "*the general's wife must not be afraid.*" Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.

"Go!" cried a Carolina wife, as her husband stood in the doorway loading his musket, while the boom of Cornwallis's cannon came over the hills from Guilford; "I would rather you should die upon the field than be in my arms at a time like this."

The loving, wifely devotion of such women as these was an incalculable element in the final success of the American armies. When the British were daily expected at New York, and the Connecticut and Jersey militiamen were hesitating to leave their rich crops to spoil, and their families to consequent suffering, the wives of these farmers urged them to the defense, and carried on the whole work in the field with their own hands. In the summer of 1780, when every able-bodied man was needed to defend the Carolinas against the inroads of Cornwallis, eleven young women at Fishing Creek, every one of whom had a lover and a brother bearing arms, formed a reaping association, and gathered not only their own crops, but those of every plantation in the district whose master was fighting for their country. Just after the battle of King's Mountain, William White rode up to his farm, fresh from the bloody fray; and, seeing his wife and sisters attempting to sow wheat in the field, stopped just long enough to show them "the cast of the hand," and darted off again to join the patriot army.

The famous Tory, Colonel Ferguson, dressed in a new and dashing uniform which Cornwallis had given him, rode up to his brother's house, and was endeavoring to win him to the royal cause. "See how the noble earl has treated me," he urged; "look at my rank and my clothes. It may be I shall be made a lord, and how should I feel then to hear it said my brother was a rebel?" His last word brought the sturdy young wife to the door. "I am a rebel!" she cried; "my brothers are all rebels, and the little dog Trip is a rebel, too! I would rather see you with a sheep on your back than tricked out in all those fine clothes! Rebel and be free, that

is my motto!" Then she turned to her husband, whose patriotism was beginning to waver.—"Now, Samuel, in the presence of the whole British army, I tell you, if you go with them, you may stay with them, for I am no longer your wife!" And Samuel was a firm patriot after that.

To battle and to prison did many of these noble wives follow their husbands—women who, unlike Captain Moll, were pure and irreproachable in character.

On that terrible march to Quebec, through six hundred miles of savage wilderness, two men in Arnold's army were accompanied by their wives. One of these women was the wife of a private soldier, and very beautiful and vivacious. When the expedition had reached the Chaudière, with the loss of half its force—perished in the wilderness or succumbed to the temptations of the way—this young creature still marched beside her husband, and cheered him on by her love and pluck. At last he sank in the great march, and declared he could go no farther—he must die. His wife knelt by his side, and pleaded for another effort. Aroused by her tears and passionate love, the soldier staggered on, supported by the faithful woman for many days. The army was far in advance, but the wilderness had no terrors which could conquer a woman's love. At length the poor man fell for the last time. She watched beside him till the dear life fled; then alone through the deep wilderness she pushed her way; and, after several weeks, Mrs. Warner brought her husband's arms into the camp before Quebec.

The most devoted and resolute of wives was Sarah McCalla, of South Carolina. Her husband had been in every engagement with the enemy in that bloody year of 1780, until, on the evening of August 17th, he left the camp for a visit to his family. On the way he was captured and taken to Camden, where Lord Rawdon doomed him to the gallows. Day after day the young wife waited in dreadful suspense for the coming of his feet. At last she set out alone to search for her missing lord. She went to the scenes of Sumter's and Steel's surprises, and inquired of all whom she met on the road, which was thronged with fugitives seeking safety in the upper country. No trace of the loved one could she discover. At last she determined to go to Camden, hoping to hear of him through the prisoners in the British pens. She mounted a fleet horse, and, leaving home soon after midnight, reached Camden in twelve hours. Woman's courage, once aroused, stops at nothing. She demanded to see Lord Rawdon. The commander's aide, Major Doyle, a kind-hearted officer, led her to the earl's presence. She scanned his face with keen, anxious eyes, for so much depended on the character of this young man. He was fair and pleasant-looking, and the sorrowing wife at once poured out her heart tumultuously, telling all her fears, her deep grief, the sad condition of her little ones at home—all laid before him with the eloquence of a distressed wife and mother. Then she fixed on the officer her eyes filled with the pleading of tears. Lord Rawdon's answer was quick: "I would

rather hang such d—d rebels than eat my breakfast!" Her fiery heart sprang to her lips, and her eyes, no longer dim with grief, grew bright with scorn. "Would you?" she cried; but love quickly taught her to bear, as well as to do, and she humbly pleaded, "I beg of you to let me see my husband."

"You should consider, madam, in whose presence you stand. Your husband is a d—d rebel!"

A glance from Major Doyle checked the bitter reply that was struggling for utterance. The aide led the earl aside, and soon returned with permission for the wife to see her husband, in his presence, for only ten minutes. How short a time, and yet how much it meant to this loving woman! On the way to the prison the major reproved Mrs. McCalla for her exhibition of resentment, saying that it was only by hard pleading that he got even this slight boon for her.

They reached the prison: it was a pen! Without shelter from the sun and rain, the poor men were lying about on the bare earth, many of them in the last stages of the smallpox. Thomas McCalla was soon found, and the ten minutes were quickly gone. With one last clasp, she promised to return as speedily as possible, and bring clothes and provisions for his use.

"Have no fear!" she shouted to the prisoners as she reached the gate, "the women are doing their part of the service."

With a lighter heart she took the saddle again, and was once more with her children before midnight—a wonderful ride of one hundred miles in less than twenty-four hours. The brave woman at once set to work, and in a few days she started for another visit, accompanied now by a young woman whose brother was among the prisoners.

Every month, now, the devoted wife made this journey of a hundred miles, cheering her husband's heart and relieving his necessities. On the third trip she had another rencontre with the brutal earl. As she left her home she received news of the glorious victory at King's Mountain. Unconscious that this could work to her disadvantage, she sped on with exulting heart, thinking only of the joy to the prisoners when she should announce the event. On reaching Camden the guard would not let her pass. The order was from Lord Rawdon, and she could only submit. She had led all the way, by the bridle, a heavily-laden pack-horse. She now took the bags from both beasts, and sat down under a tree, holding the bridle in her hand. Here she determined to remain all the night, but toward evening a villager took pity on her, and brought her into his house. In the morning she pushed her way to Lord Rawdon's presence. He told her at once, "I ought to have hanged your rebel husband at first, then I should have had no trouble with you."

"That's a game, sir, two can play at!" she flashed upon him. The enraged earl drove her from the room, but the Irish major came again to her relief, and she was grudgingly allowed admission to the prison. The battle of King's Mountain had different effects on the British lord and the patriot wife.

Thomas McCalla soon sickened in the filthy pen, and it was evident that his wife must secure his release if she would not wear the widow's weeds. Late in December she resolved to see Cornwallis, and plead for the prisoner's rescue. Reaching Winnisborough on New Year's morning, she gained entrance to the earl, and it was agreed that her husband should be exchanged for any captive in Sumter's hands; or, provided the latter would be responsible for McCalla's parole, he might be liberated till a regular exchange should occur. Home again rode the dauntless woman, and mounted a fresh horse for Charlotte. Here Sumter gave her the coveted pledge, and she returned with her heart full of bright prospects. Meanwhile, the British army had left Winnisborough, and encamped near her own plantation. She hastened to the camp, showed her paper to Cornwallis, and was referred to Lord Rawdon! What could she hope from him? But discouragements weighed nothing in the scale against love. Sarah McCalla started immediately for Camden. On reaching the ferry, she found the guards were doubled.

Major Doyle saw her, and, coming up to her horse, he told her of the battle at the Cowpens.

"I fear, madam," he said, "that his lordship will not treat you well."

"I have no hope," she replied, "that he will let my husband go, but I must make every effort to save him." Into Lord Rawdon's presence she went.

"What! you here again? You want your husband, I suppose? Do you know what the d—d rebels have been doing?" —for the prisoners had attempted an escape. "If we had hanged them," roared the earl, "we should have saved all this! I order you positively never to come into my presence again! You go from one army to another, and Heaven only knows what mischief you do! Begone!"

"My countrymen must right me!" exclaimed the aroused wife, as she left the apartment.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, the noble woman applied again to the American camp. She received a letter of remonstrance, and once more found her way to Camden, accompanied now by Mary Nixon, who was to bear the missive to the earl's quarters. The British commander changed color on reading the letter, and immediately ordered the prisoner's release. The tireless determination, the dauntless courage of this heroic woman had gained the victory at last. Love had worked its perfect work—the wife had won her husband anew.

The domestic happiness, the strong, unwavering support, which Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hancock, Putnam, Gates, Greene, and Knox, received from their wives, are too well known to need aught but a reminder here. The wives of the officers followed their husbands from camp to camp, lighting the dark cloud of war with their smiles, and softening its miseries by their tenderness. Even through the terrible winter of Valley Forge, these noble women made a spot of summer in many a chilled and aching heart. In the Continental Congress many a patriot's

soul was strengthened to go on in the desperate struggle by the love-letters which he carried in his pocket. Who can read those of Abigail Adams, and not see the pulsings of her great heart through all the public life of her husband? These women made greater sacrifices than did the men. The men gave their all; upon their country's altar the women laid their all and their husbands. John Hancock came from the hall of Congress to his wife's apartment one day, and announced to her that he had given his consent to the burning of Boston, as soon as it should be evident that the city must fall into the enemy's hands. The large wealth of this noble couple was all centered in the doomed city, and with a stroke of the pen they were beggared, should the last resort be needed. The young wife not only heartily consented, but, having promised that day to attend a Quaker meeting, she went with her accustomed cheerfulness, and sat three long, silent hours, with the terrible secret working in her brain and bosom. Janet Montgomery sent forth her newly-won husband to fall before Quebec; and through her whole life her deepest solace was the thought of how nobly her young Irish soldier-lover redeemed the pledge he gave her, when, parting with him for the last time, he answered her charge to be strong and waver not—"You shall never blush for your Montgomery!"

So the woman's larger sacrifice was too often accepted.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove."

The War for Independence was no exception to this law. Many of our greatest men were turning the soft side of their hearts to the glow of woman's love, even while with the keen edge of their intellects or their swords they were cleaving asunder the empire of Britain. Jefferson was singing lovesongs to a charming widow, while out of the stamp-act chaos his brain was evolving the immortal Declaration. Mrs. Martha Skelton was rich, fascinating, and only twenty-three. Many were the young Virginian planters in love with her person and her estate. One day two suitors approached the mansion from different directions, each on the same mission—to declare his love. They met in the hall. From within came strains of music, and soft, low voices singing a love-song. The two at once recognized Jefferson's voice and his touch on the violin. They saw at once that the prize had been won, and they withdrew without entering. Jefferson loved his violin. When the old home was burned, he asked the faithful servant: "Are all the books destroyed?" "Yes, massa, dey is; but we saved de fiddle."

Hancock's courtship went gayly on while he was riding the crest of the Revolutionary wave. At the time of his marriage he was concealed, with Samuel Adams, in the house of Thaddeus Burr, in Litchfield, Connecticut, and not daring to go to Boston for his bride, she came to him; and for some time the happy pair lived in the strictest seclusion, having their meals sent to their room.

During the two years when Massachusetts was rising to the first blow, a lovely, bright, volatile, young maiden was constantly

flitting to and fro between Block Island and Narragansett Bay. Back and forth with her she drew the heart of a young Quaker, who, between the strong passions of love and resistance to tyranny, was losing his hold on the principles of his fathers. Catherine Littlefield combined rare beauty of person with remarkable loveliness of soul, and, when once Nathaniel Greene had come under the spell of her bewitchment, his Quaker suit of sober gray was but weak protection against the shafts of love. Now he could be found at Block Island, entering heartily into her favorite amusement of dancing, which his father had often and vainly flogged him for; again he could be seen on the way to Boston, to buy military books at the store of Henry Knox. The young bookseller was also in love, and agitated by the stirring signs of the times. He was now spending his time in studying the military works on his shelves, and in maintaining his possession of Lucy Flucker's heart against the strong influence of her family and friends. This young lady had been a constant visitor to the attractive bookstore. Frequent and protracted conversations across the counter had worked their perfect work, and, while he might well be enamored of the beauty, grace, and wit, of the secretary's daughter, she could feel proud of the noble-looking young major of militia as he paraded at the head of his troops. Thomas Flucker was the Secretary of Massachusetts under General Gage, and he was bitterly opposed to having a rebel for a son-in-law. But love rises above all family ties and teachings, and, while Nathaniel Green was "read out of meeting" for his patriotic service, and yet clasping the hand of fair "Kate Littlefield," his friend Henry Knox was bearing away his bride from the grasp of her Tory parents. She left all to follow him, and nobly was she rewarded. As so often happens when wiseacres among the woman's family, thinking only of a great match that shall flatter their own pride, shake their heads and say "she is going to the dogs," the devoted wife found she had indeed chosen the better part, and rapidly did she rise, upon her husband's shoulders, to honor and the purest fame. While her family, bereft of power and estate by the iron justice of a patriotic Congress, were outcasts and fugitives, she herself was the beloved companion of Mrs. Washington, and the centre of that noble and exalted circle—the "Republican Court." She was of such remarkable beauty that Gilbert Stuart, foiled in attempting to transfer it to the canvas rubbed out his work, and steadfastly refused to make another trial. After the war, the widows of Greene and Montgomery received the most courtly attentions from Washington, who invariably handed them to and from their carriages, bestowing this honor upon them alone.

As the eventful years went on, love wove its golden threads into the dark woof of war, and many are the bright lines that cross the gloomy pictures. The battle of Brandywine, in 1777, gives us a touching story of faithful love which deserved a happier ending. On the banks of that stream there dwelt a beautiful girl, Molly Harvey, who loved a young

patriot soldier by the name of Seymour. It was the old story—a rich father, a poor lover—and the course of love would not run smooth. The disappointed young soldier plunged into the war, determined to win distinction and a bride. He fought in many battles, and at last, on the field of Brandywine, commanded a company almost within sight of the maiden's house. After the battle, he went to her house, found her parents ready to welcome him, and the marriage at once took place. During the festivities, some British soldiers rushed up and attempted to capture the patriot. A fierce struggle followed, and the beautiful bride was killed by a bayonet-thrust—married and murdered on the same day!

The famous abduction of Chauncy Judd from Naugatuck, Connecticut, was the result of courtship. Although so young, the lad had spent the evening in winning a maiden's heart, and on returning home late at night was seized by a band of Tories and carried off. It was only after suffering a strange captivity and cruel abuse that he was restored to his family.

Ethan Allen was the last man we should expect—

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair;"

and, in truth, his courtship was peculiar and characteristic. The fame of Allen's wild deeds had filled the New England country, and had interested, among others, Miss Fanny Brush, the young daughter of a British officer who had served gallantly under the great Duke of Marlborough, and against the French in America. She heard the story of his transportation to England, bound down like a wild beast by a bar of iron eight feet long; she heard of his biting off a tenpenny nail while a prisoner in the Tower of London; and one evening, in a mixed assembly, she said :

"I should like, above all things, to see this Mr. Allen, of whom we hear such incredible things."

The doughty colonel had just returned from captivity, and, on hearing of this remark, he went to the house and was introduced to the young lady.

He found her very fair and enjoyable, and when, very late in the evening, he rose to go, he drew himself up to his commanding height, and, looking down into her blushing face, said :

"And now, Miss Brush, allow me to ask, *how do you like this Mr. Allen?*"

We are not told what she said, but "actions speak louder than words," and they were soon married. It was a good deal like the way he took Ticonderoga.

Another gallant soldier won his wife in the warrior's rough-and-ready manner. Timothy Murphy, the man who killed General Fraser at Saratoga, and the most noted of Morgan's famous riflemen, had gained the love of a young girl of sixteen, named Margaret Fleck, of Schoharie County. Her parents refused their consent and frowned sternly upon the young soldier. But Margaret was worthy of just such a daring spirit. She sent word to her lover that she would meet him on the bank of the river, to join

her life with his, and follow him "through all the world."

When the appointed evening came, she pretended to seek a cow which had strayed from home, and went through the woods, barefooted, to the trysting-place. Murphy was not there. Nothing daunted, the maiden forded the stream, determined to go to the fort and join her lover. On the other side she found his arms outstretched for her, and, she leaping upon the horse behind him, they dashed into the fort amid the jubilant cheers of the garrison. Here the women made her a wedding-outfit, and soon the lovers had crossed the Rubicon—the die was cast—and no parents could recall it.

The year 1779 was fruitful in love as in strife. Early in the spring Mrs. Jay, in a letter, announces "four approaching marriages in Cousin Livingston's family," showing that the flames of Hymen burned brightly amid the darkness of war. This Livingston family was itself a rich "rosebud-garden of girls;" one of great attractiveness to men of the highest rank and accomplishments in the civil and military service of both America and France. Mrs. Jay, daughter of the governor, was remarkable for loveliness of person and of soul, and all hearts bowed to her in two hemispheres.

It was in the early part of this year, in the depth of winter, that the dashing young Colonel Aaron Burr was winning, in a marvelous manner, the woman who was to be the mother of Theodosia. Two years before this Burr had led captive the heart of Margaret Moncrieffe, as she so ardently declares in her "Memoirs." Burr, then but twenty years of age, was on the staff of Putnam—"my good old general," as the young aide always called him. Margaret Moncrieffe, the daughter of a British officer, was an inmate of General Putnam's family, suspected of being a spy, and held in a sort of mild imprisonment.

Though but fourteen, she was yet a woman in growth and feeling, and her heart seems to have been all fire. She was exceedingly beautiful and vivacious; she had the faculty of enslaving all the young American officers, and probably her head was turned by the rapidity and ease of her conquests. For, although she states in the most glowing language that the young aide-de-camp returned her violent passion and sought permission from Putnam to marry her, we find no corroborating words or acts, and the statement rests alone upon the claims of the young lady to truthfulness, which are sadly weakened in view of her after-career. No doubt Burr flirted with her and found her an agreeable foil to the stern duties of his position, for he was just the one to enjoy her brilliant conversation and sparkling wit. So far from losing his own heart and desiring to keep her near him, we are told by an intimate friend of Burr—the late Colonel William L. Stone—that it was by the young aide's advice she was finally sent out of the city. It is said that Burr, looking over her shoulder one day, and watching her paint a bouquet of flowers, was suddenly reminded of the "language of flowers," and became convinced that the fair artist was conveying valuable intelligence to the enemy in this innocent guise. His suspicions were considered so reasonable that Washington ordered her removal farther inland.

But now, in these opening months of 1779, there could be no room for doubt that Colonel Burr was hopelessly in love. The lady who had conquered this strange, inexplicable heart, which she held in unwavering devotion to her until her death, was Mrs. Prevost, the widow of a British colonel. She dwelt in her charming retreat at Paramus, where the young colonel had first met her, when eighteen months before this his regiment was active in Orange County. Now, however, he was stationed at some distance from the fascinating widow, and in a position of great importance and danger. Colonel Burr commanded "the Westchester lines." The country which he now guarded was not only most exposed to the ravages of the enemy, it was also the marauding ground of lawless parties of robbers, who claimed the protection now of one, now of the other flag, as circumstances advised. Into this seething caldron of bitter feelings and riotous deeds young Burr plunged with his natural vehemence. In a short time he had completely stopped all marauding, restored the bloody hunting-ground to tranquillity, and brought his regiment, little better than a mob when he took it, into the highest condition of effectiveness and obedience. With superhuman activity he was everywhere at once, superintending himself even the minutest details of the dangerous duties devolving upon his regiment. His lines extended fourteen miles, from the Hudson to the Sound. Through all the winter he visited his posts at night, riding on every night but two from sixteen to twenty-four miles between midnight and morning. But amid all this labor and care the young officer's heart longed for the face and voice that were yet, "though lost to sight, to memory dear;" and the two nights just mentioned were devoted to satisfying these longings. Few men but Aaron Burr would ever have planned so dashing a love-chase; few but he could have executed it so neatly. From his quarters on the Hudson he could see, fifteen miles across the river, the hills that folded lovingly around the widow's beautiful home. But between these two hearts stretched a wide river, covered with the enemy's boats, and a country infested by desperate bands of marauders. Love, however, knows no fear, and for Aaron Burr to want to see the queen of his heart was simply—to see her. Choosing six sturdy and trusty soldiers—men devoted to their commander—he sent them in the evening to Wolfert's Roost, the immortal Sunnyside of recent years. Here he had ordered a barge to be held in waiting against the time of his arrival; then, having satisfied himself that his regimental duties would be faithfully performed in his absence, he leaped upon a fleet horse and dashed away, early in the evening, for the bank of the river. At headlong speed he rushed up to the waiting group, sprang to the ground, helped his men throw the horse, bind his limbs, carry the animal to the barge, and lay him on the soft bed of furs and blankets. Not a word was

spoken: the men bent sturdily to the muffled oars, and in less than half an hour, the silence still unbroken, the fiery horse was bearing his eager rider from the other shore. Before midnight the beast was panting in the widow's stables—the rider in the widow's arms. Two short hours of happiness, and again the night was startled by the flashing of the horse's feet. To the river, to the boat as before, and again the barge was stealing its way among the enemy's gunboats. So wonderful were Burr's powers for maintaining secrecy that not one even of the men who rowed the barge knew the object or extent of his expedition.

At this time "General Arnold, a fine gentleman, was laying close siege to Peggy," who was Margaret, daughter of Edward Shippen, afterward Chief-Judge of Pennsylvania. Margaret Shippen had been one of the most admired of the belles of the "Mischianza." She was but eighteen, of great beauty, wit, and sprightliness, and the British officers in Philadelphia all felt the power of her charms. At the "Mischianza" she was an unsurpassed light; but Mrs. Ellet errs in saying that the motto of her knight in that brilliant *fiè* was *unchangeable*, and his device a bay-leaf. The unfortunate André tells us that Lieutenant Sloper appeared "in honor of Miss M. Shippen: device, a heart and sword: motto, *Honor and the fair.*" It was Miss P. Shippen whose knight wore the bay-leaf, and was "unchangeable." There were romantic incidents in Arnold's courtship, but the whole story is too sad to dwell upon, and we pass it by. It cannot be said, as in the old tales, "they were married and lived happily ever after."

In this same year, 1779, the man who was so often to cross Burr's path, and at last to drag him down to infamy, was suffering from the same delightful illness. Alexander Hamilton was in love with Elizabeth, the daughter of General Schuyler. The sturdy old general was with Washington at Morristown; the charming young lady was with her father, and Colonel Hamilton was on Washington's staff. What a fine combination of circumstances! Surely the gods were propitious. The young and brilliant aide-de-camp, relieved from the duties of the day, was accustomed to spend his evenings at Schuyler's headquarters; but, not having Burr's marvelous concentration, his ability to throw his whole soul into both business and pleasure without detriment to either, he found, one night, that the heart had overpowered the intellect, and brought him to a predicament. He had been spending the evening in happiness, and, on reaching the lines on his return to quarters, received the usual challenge: "Who comes there?" Hamilton stepped up to the sentry, stopped, looked bewildered, drew his hand over his forehead, and made desperate efforts to marshal the truant words. In vain. "Miss Schuyler" was all he could think of! The angry sentinel stood in belligerent attitude, and the soldier-lover's situation was growing desperate, when suddenly little feet clattered out of the darkness, and brought relief in the person of a son of Mrs. Ford, at whose house Washington had his quarters. This little

fellow was a great favorite with Hamilton, who took him with him on his visits to Miss Schuyler, and allowed him to play about the village till the time for returning. This evening he had come off from General Schuyler's without the lad, expecting to find him on the way, as, sure enough, he did, just in the nick of time.

"Ah, Master Ford, is that you?" he said; and then, taking the lad aside, the colonel whispered, softly, "Give me the countersign!"

The next instant Hamilton confronted the sentinel with the magic words. This poor fellow was far from being satisfied, and hardly knew what to do. He plainly recognized his superior officer, but he as plainly saw there was something irregular about all this business, and, concluding the colonel was testing his fidelity, he still kept his bayonet fixed. Hamilton, much annoyed, exclaimed:

"I have given you the countersign; why do you not shoulder your musket?"

"Will that do?" asked the honest man, doubtfully.

"It will for this time," said Hamilton; "let me pass."

But it was the *lover* that answered, not the *officer*.

CHARLES H. WOODMAN.

AN ITALIAN COUNT.

MISS LOUWIN, aged twenty-seven, pretty and not at all *passée*, sat in her cozy boudoir one morning busily engaged in writing, when her maid brought in a card.

"Show him into the drawing-room at once," said the mistress; "of course I'm at home to him—one of my oldest friends. The letter can wait."

Brown disappeared. Miss Louwin moved quickly to the mirror and smoothed her bright locks daintily back, then went down-stairs. A tall, handsome young man came forward as she entered the room.

"So delighted!" exclaimed the lady, her face a mirror of genuine welcome, as she met him with outstretched hand. "What an age since I have seen you; and what experiences we have both gone through! You have been among the Indians, I hear?"

"And you among the brigands of Italy," he responded, as they shook hands heartily. "Upon my word," he added, "you are growing younger. When we last met—"

The little lady held up a finger warily.

"No flattery," she said, laughing. "Don't you know that I have silver threads among the golden? But come, sit down, and tell me the news. I will ring for luncheon, which we can have just here," she added, rolling two easy-chairs near the ample bay-window. "Now let us be cozy. In the first place, you have been home longer than I have."

"By three months," he quietly responded, laying aside his cane. "I came home on the sick-list."

"Yes, yes; I've heard all about that—honorably wounded! Which was it, the right arm or the left?" she asked, anxiously.

"The left—shot near the shoulder; and but for Dean—you know Dean, our major—

I should have been scalped, for the shock of the wound made me faint. But he dragged me to the fort under steady fire; and so—here I am."

"O Jack, what a mercy!" said the little lady, an unwanted moisture making her brown eyes brighter. "I suppose you were Miss Fanny's hero then?"

"Miss Fanny was visiting at Chicago at the time," said Jack, a sudden and remarkable change visible in his handsome features, his lips working, and a frown disfiguring the smoothness of his forehead.

"But she came right on, of course?"

"She came on—about two months ago," he said, in constrained tones. "Miss Louwin, we won't talk about her just now."

"But indeed we will," was the astonished reply. "I insist upon the privileges of an old friend; and I want to know what it means. Fanny Regis and you were certainly engaged to be married before I went away."

"Oh, yes; that was ages ago."

"Ages! Just two years—do you call that ages? Why, Jack, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man turned his head away so that only the outlines of the fine profile could be seen, but the quick eyes of the lady opposite took note that the lips quivered again under the golden-brown mustache, and she said to herself: "What can possibly have happened to part two such devoted lovers?"

"The meaning, Miss Louwin, is this," said Jack, after a brief silence. "Fanny and I are no longer friends, and she is at present engaged to be married."

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed the lady, lifting up both hands, and then letting them fall upon the gray, silken folds of her dress. "Whom to, pray?"

"An Italian count."

Miss Louwin shuddered. Her cheeks lost their soft bright coloring.

"I have almost learned to hate the very name of an Italian," she said, her voice falling. "Of course, my adventures have not escaped your hearing. A pretty figure I have cut in the provincial and Continental newspapers! Just imagine, if you can, how literally crucified I have been in my feelings by all these distorted narrations. Oh, the misery of printer's ink!"

"In the article I saw," said Jack, with a roguish smile, "you were the brave and beautiful Miss Louwin, whose daring and diplomacy had outwitted the great chief of the bandits. Oh, I assure you I have been very proud of you, and if you could know how much patronizing attention has been showered on me entirely on your account—how many times I have been asked to give a description of your appearance—the color of your hair and your eyes!"

"No! Am I then so ridiculously celebrated?" and she laughed heartily. "If I was fond of publicity, I might feel a little proud, I suppose; and perhaps I should but for such exaggerated descriptions as have been given of the affair, so altogether false!"

"Suppose you relate the adventure as it actually did occur?" Jack queried, turning toward her with a more spirited countenance. "I like to hear of hair-breadth escapes!"

"But about Fanny?" asked his friend, anxiously, not to be put off.

"Oh, let the dead past bury its past," he said, with a gesture of impatience.

"Which means, let the false fair one marry her count, I suppose. Dear Jack, can you say that? I hope you are quite over the heartache."

Jack winced; but Miss Louwin, sweet and pretty as she was, never used much circumlocution, but went directly at the subject-matter, ignoring the little feminine diplomacy of her sex in such personal affairs. It was, perhaps, better for Jack to have his opinions, as it were, thus forced out of him, though he certainly would have borne it less patiently from any but so old a friend.

"Only tell me if she is here," pursued Miss Louwin, "when the marriage takes place, and why on earth her people are going to stand by and see her sacrificed to an Italian count, of all persons in the world?"

"Well, then," said Jack, desperately, "first, Miss Fanny is in New York. I saw her at Trinity on Sunday, and she had on a blue hat with a white feather in it, or a white hat with a blue feather in it, which particularization of her toilet ought to convince you that I have, in a measure at least, recovered from the heartache. In the second place, I do not certainly know about the marriage. At present her noble betrothed is in the city, having lately returned from Italy, where he has been settling his estate."

"Which means a mile of hills and an old tumble-down house called a castle, absolutely unfit to be lived in," said Miss Louwin, in parenthesis.

"They are to be married, I believe, very shortly—next month, perhaps. And now enough of Miss Fanny"—and he waved his hand contemptuously, as if dismissing the subject.

"But her parents," continued the persistent little lady, "are they willing she should throw herself away?"

"What! in marrying a count?" He laughed bitterly. "How can you ask the question? His mustache is fully a quarter of a yard long, and his pedigree dates back to the Deluge. You know what a soft, easy creature Papa Regis is, especially where his idol, Fanny, is concerned; and, as to mamma, she glows all over, from the top of her hat to the tips of her shoes. To be the mother of a countess! fortunate woman!"

In spite of the raised hands and mocking gesture, there was something in Jack's eyes and lips—those beautiful, sensitive lips—that sent a little arrow of pain straight to Miss Louwin's tender heart. If she had not been altogether too young a woman to play the rôle of matron, she would have patted Jack's head, and kissed and tried to comfort him in a motherly fashion, he seemed so like the child he used to be when they were growing up together.

"But an Italian!" she murmured, with lips depressed at the corners; "not that I would be unjust to a nation that has so glowing a past, and whose children have been patriots, not wanting in either nobility or greatness—but both seem shared most by the plainer citizens. As to the aristocracy

proper, they are nothing remarkable—no better than the brigands, indeed."

"Ah, now you are coming to something I want to hear about," said Jack.

"I suppose there will be no peace for me till it is told," Miss Louwin responded, ringing for the luncheon-tray to be taken away. "Very well, then, we were traveling through one of the small mountain-villages after leaving Naples. Night came on, and with it a storm. I can never forget that gloomy pass, which, when the lightning revealed its awful chasms that seemed to be running fire or melted lightning, filled me with emotions of terror impossible to describe. You know I am constitutionally hardy; it takes a good deal to frighten me, but Horace was quite ill, and I suffered more on his account than on my own, as his nerves were completely unstrung. The thunder was deafening and almost continuous. Indeed, sometimes it seemed as if the solid rock came leaping out of the mountain-side and crashing across our path. Every moment I expected the carriage to be blocked. At last one long, lurid flash of lightning disclosed a sight we were utterly unprepared for. It seemed in that one white moment as if the whole world were revealed, for I seemed to see distinctly hundreds of cities, and mountain-peaks behind them towering upon mountain-peaks. It was, of course, an illusion, but the sight nearest our carriage was very real—ten or a dozen swarthy, black-eyed robbers, bearded savagely, and armed to the teeth, their uniforms showing splendidly in the stormy glare, though they were sorry-looking enough in open day. I thought that, like the vision of the cities, it was phantasmal; but these were no creatures of the imagination. Suddenly the driver stopped his horses, gave a low cry of terror, and then shots were heard. O the terrible, swallowing, engulfing darkness! and we in the power of the mountain-banditti, the most dangerous and least scrupulous criminals in the world. What followed seems to me now like a confused dream. There were clashing of arms, outcries, oaths—I felt myself drawn from the carriage without the power of resistance, but holding on to Horace, who scrambled out with me. Fortunately, I could speak Italian with the best of them, and that may have made the chief of the band more lenient. I begged him to forbear violence, for my brother was ill; and, indeed, when the lightning blazed again, showing poor Hod's white face, this same leader, in the most finished Italian—the language of a scholar, indeed, and not the *patois* of the peasant—assured me that we should none of us be harmed.

Another moment and the stormy, picturesque way was lighted by a dozen or more lanterns, that threw their lurid light through red glass on the scarred and gaping rocks, the chasms, the cataracts, the awful jagged heights; but by their friendly light we were walked up a rugged, circuitous road, and taken at last into a veritable cavern, along whose rocky walls the thunder rolled, sounding like a thousand parks of artillery.

"Fortunately for both Horace and myself, my composure did not desert me. In the midst of all that was frightful, uncertain,

and romantic, I managed to keep up his spirits and support his trembling steps. You know how fond I always was of the sensational and supernatural. Well, our entrance to this deep, dark cave, at the extreme end of which I could see a great fire blazing, before which strange forms flitted back and forth, gave me a singular thrill, a something akin to a wild, fierce delight—don't laugh at me, Jack."

"Besides, we could smell the savor of roasting meat, and, to one who had been fasting for nearly ten hours, this of itself was sufficient to disperse some of my most troublesome fancies. I had no idea that they intended to starve us. We were treated with some courtesy and given to understand that the attacking party did not wish to be considered thieves, assassins, or murderers.

"The strength and standing of our little company had doubtless been accurately measured, and, as we afterward learned, the driver had been in league with the robbers. We were probably considered of sufficient importance to justify the demand of a heavy ransom for our restoration. Feeling assured that we were not to be killed and cooked, I tried to make myself as much at home as was possible under the circumstances.

"As soon as I had thrown off my hat and cloak, and found a comfortable place for Horace, I took out—for display—a small silver crucifix which a very devoted Catholic had presented to me, and looked at it as if in silent devotion. I trust it was not entirely as a *ruse*, for I felt what the Christian must feel whenever he looks upon that sacred emblem. From that moment the leader of the band treated me with additional respect. There were two other ladies, but they abandoned themselves to despair, and continued to sit and cry, and wring their hands, but all that was lost upon our brave banditti—what did they care for sobs and tears? I did try to infuse a little courage into the poor souls, but they seemed to take a sort of comfort in their misery, and no doubt consider me to this day a heartless monster.

"The leader was a tall, and, under other circumstances, I might have called him a particularly handsome man. From the first, he treated me with much consideration. Besides having the advantage of speaking the language, I had the audacity to brand the outrage as it deserved, and I do believe the fellow liked me the better for my assurance. I shall never forget his face—it was that of a hero of romance. There was a peculiar scar over his right eye, which gave it the appearance of being double-lidded, but did not at all detract from his good looks; another scar divided his chin, as if it were cleft by a deep dimple, only the healed, white flesh was plainly visible. He was really so grand-looking a man, with a countenance changing with every phase of feeling, that, had I met him as an ordinary acquaintance, or a high dignitary, I might have been very favorably impressed. Don't laugh, Jack, when I tell you that he actually laid siege to my heart up there in the mountains, and put me in such terror that I told him I was a married lady. And, further, Jack, it was one of our old comicalities that aided me in this deception; for I

never shall forget when I had my birthday-party, Miss Susy, that dreadful great-aunt of mine, made us both jump over a broomstick, and declared that we were man and wife. I was only thirteen, and you were fifteen, and don't you remember how I cried about it?"

"Complimentary to me," said Jack, with a grimace.

"Oh, but, Jack, we were much too good friends ever to get married," she responded, with such an inimitable voice and honest manner that he burst into a laugh, in which she joined.

"Never mind," she added, still laughing. "My noble robber ceased his gallantries in a degree, and after a while I learned that his grace, elegance, and dignity, covered a heartless, selfish, utterly cruel, and murderous character. However, they gave us a good supper of roast-venison and fruits. There were no potatoes, but plenty of hard bread and good butter—cakes and honey came afterward. My chief did the honors of the table, which was a flat, projecting rock, covered with rich crimson cloth, which I suspect had once covered the graceful shoulders of some rich captive.

"The smooth tongue of our treacherous captor did not blind me to the danger of our situation. We had not been brought to this depot of murder and plunder for the mere pleasure of the enjoyment of our company. They don't stop traveling carriages on stormy nights among the mountains for purposes of friendship or conviviality. You may suppose I did not sleep at all that night. An old-fashioned clock, such as are used in many of the inns in that country, struck the hours upon my waiting ears till morning. The bandits had dispersed in clefts of the cavern. I could hear the rain dripping from the rocks. Here and there a torch flared dimly in the gloom, only making the thick darkness above, and the strange, picturesque perspective below, more ghastly and phantasmal. My couch was composed of beautiful leopard-skins, and formed a luxurious resting-place, but I was so much occupied in watching the shadow-like spectres that flitted along the granite walls and niches that I could think of little else. I felt sure that every precaution had been taken to guard the cave, and did not, therefore, make any effort for our release.

"The next day passed gloomily. Early in the morning the bandits left the cave, and we were cared for by four or five dark Italian women, so thoroughly destitute of beauty that I ventured to imagine them male robbers dressed in female garments. Several of them bore marks of great brutality of treatment. I asked one of them how she had lost so many fingers. She answered me nothing, but, as you will hear, I have since learned the reason.

"The band came in again at the close of the day. They talked a great deal, and seemed angrily disputing. They brought no prisoners. Not long after that the chief of the bandits came toward where I sat, and threw himself on a heap of skins near me. He required of me the names of the people I knew in Naples and other cities in which we had sojourned. Two of them were rich bankers. I saw his eye glisten as he wrote them down in his tablets.

"It is customary," he said, "and I tell you this because I appreciate your extraordinary courage, to send to the friends of the prisoners some token or other memento that will appeal to their humanity; in other words," he added, with a sarcastic smile, "their pockets. For instance, last month I had a very pretty countess here, and I sent her seal-ring and one earring, with a very small clipping of the ear attached—nothing that would disfigure her permanently, upon my honor," he said, seeing the shudder which I could not conceal. "Sometimes I send a batch of pretty ringlets; it is only occasionally I remove the finger with the ring."

"You are a monster!" said I, feeling it impossible to restrain my indignation. Would you believe it? He laughed and looked pleased.

"Now I was thinking," he went on, "in case your brother were to be represented—"

"Don't touch him!" I exclaimed, forgetting everything in this new terror; "he is ill and feeble, it might kill him. If it must be, and you thirst for blood, I can better part with my whole hand than he with a finger." I held out my hand, and he had the audacity to press his hateful lips upon it.

"I admire you more for your courage than your beauty," he said, and then I thought I had cause for trembling. I shall never forget his look, or my inward terror. Instantly I snatched my crucifix.

"For the sake of God!" I cried, and thrust it close to his eyes—"for the sake of the Crucified, let us go!" He started and crossed himself violently. His eyes alarmed me with their fire, which did not seem vindictive. He evidently relented, whatever his purpose might have been, and declared that I should not be harmed. All he wished from me was a letter written from his dictation; and as for my brother—bah! it was easy enough to procure a finger or two without injury to us.

"The cold, almost polished brutality of the man made my blood run fire, but I concealed my aversion and wrote the letter to his satisfaction.

"Signora," said he, "pardon me for saluting your hand; you would rule well." With these words he left.

Jack thought at that moment it would be no hard task to kiss her hand, she looked so beautiful, so spirited.

"On the third day we were blindfolded, and marched for hours over the strange, rocky road. On each side of me was a brigand. Then we were seated, threatened that if we removed our bandages we should die. There was a long silence, then a loud, clear whistle, and presently the sound of horse's hoofs. How long we sat there before the bandages were pulled from our eyes I had no means of knowing—probably from three to five hours. Of course we were ransomed and at liberty, and now you have the true story."

Miss Louwin drew a long breath and shivered a little. "It don't sound much in the telling," she added, laughing nervously, "but really I can give you no idea how very dreadful it was."

"Almost equal to an Indian fight," said Jack.

"No, not quite so bad, for sometimes the brigands are merciful. And I could account afterward for the mutilation of the poor women. A finger was actually sent to our friends, purporting to be Hod's—the heartless wretches!"

A servant entered bearing cards on a silver tray, and a note, which Miss Louwin asked permission to read. Looking up a moment after—

"An invitation from Fanny herself," she said, brightly. "Miss Regis receives on Wednesday evening. I am to bring a cavalier. Horace is away, Jack"—and her dimples were bewitching at that moment—"take pity on my unprotected state—be my most devoted for that one night. I am dying to wear my Paris sea-green, made by Worth himself; and then you know the pleasure of escorting me. We shall be the lion and lioness of the evening. Isn't that tempting?" Her eyes danced with mischief.

For a moment Jack wavered; then he entered into the spirit of the thing, still wondering why he had never before admired the peculiar graces and loveliness of his old friend and former playmate. She was witty, handsome, rich, and distinguished. Jack waked suddenly up to the fact that he should enjoy himself remarkably in her company, at the same time that he should not feel compelled to pay her strictly lover-like attentions. Her story had imparted a new charm to their friendship. Jack thought of her all the way home, and was continually making comparisons between her and his unfaithful love. She had suddenly become of new importance; their unromantic friendship seemed strange to him in the light of this late experience. Fanny was pretty, but beside this woman, with her expressive eyes and hair almost black, Fanny's blond beauty seemed quite insipid. He began to think of the count with complacency. He could also recall Fanny in her pale blues and pinks without internal sighs. That night he dreamed that Fanny brought him a covered basket; out of the basket flew a bird with bright plumage, and lo! when he had secured it after some trouble, it turned into pretty Miss Louwin.

Punctually at half-past nine Miss Louwin entered the handsome parlors of Papa Regis, leaning on Jack's arm. Her first exclamation on meeting him had been:

"Jack, how well you look!" and he longed to tell her that she was absolutely radiant in her dainty laces and delicate shades of color.

"You don't know how proud I am of our friendship," she said, later. "It proves that a man and a woman may be really attached to each other without any of the sentimentalities of love."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. A queer sensation traveled electrically from nerve to nerve. "Good Heavens!" he thought, "am I really going to be so foolish as to fall in love with an old friend?"

"Are you not in the least romantic, then?" he asked.

"What a question! Romantic? yes. No

girl in her teens can beat me at castle-building. Jack"—and the sweet face grew thoughtful—"I am growing old."

"Very," said Jack, demurely. "I feel aged myself."

"Oh, twenty-nine is not old for a man, but twenty-seven for a woman! Dear me, Mrs. Regis has on a new wig, and—O Jack!"

He looked round at her startled cry. She hung almost a dead-weight on his arm, and seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"What shall I do? Where shall I take you?" he asked, quickly.

"Some seat, Jack. I never fainted in my life, and—giving a little gasp—"I won't now! There, I'm better—only I should like to sit down." He led her into a little side-room, quite empty.

"Only not to see *him*! Oh!"—she averted her face. Was Jack jealous? There was a sort of fierce feeling toward the unknown *him*. "Come closer, Jack; let me whisper—that horrible brigand—the chief of them all—he was talking with Nelly De Mott. Good Heavens! what does it mean? I am not mistaken—it was he."

"Talking with Miss De Mott! Why, Miss Louwin, that was Fanny's count! Good Heavens! and you are sure?"

"Let me have only a moment's speech with him—nay, only let me meet him face to face. I will not flinch; but you'll see he will. Why, of course, it is he; double eyelid, cleft chin, and all. O Jack! dear Jack! Fanny is saved to you, after all."

Jack bit his lip.

"We won't talk of Fanny," he said, dubiously, his pulse fluttering, his heart beating with a new, strange sensation, as violent as it was for the moment entrancing. "But about this count—"

"Count!" she said, with sarcastic emphasis. "Yes; he may be a count, but I know him for one of the most terrible of the Italian banditti. Rich, is he? Yes; I shouldn't wonder. He has plundered enough to be the possessor of millions. Count, indeed! Won't Fanny be ashamed of herself now? No doubt her heart is as much yours as ever; she was only taken by the title. I'm so glad for you!"

"Thank you, Miss Louwin," said Jack, stiffly; "only allow me to add that you flatter me by the acuteness of your penetration."

She looked at him with wider opened eyes, then her glance fell, and a quick crimson overspread her cheeks. She had read something in the eyes that looked in hers. She was startled, astonished, overwhelmed, unmasked. She had made him her idol all along, and didn't know it till that moment revealed the knowledge to her.

"You were my little sweetheart once," Jack murmured, in accents almost inaudible, "but, by Heaven! I never knew what love was—till—till to-night."

"O Jack—and Fanny—"

"Fanny may—find another count," he said, with vehemence. "She has proved herself selfish and soulless, and the man who wins her may wear her, and welcome. She is shut out of my heart forever—and Bessy," he added, "you are shut in. May I keep you there?"

She looked up with swimming eyes and quivering lip. It was a peculiarly sacred moment to her, having just discovered where her own heart had been all these years.

"O Jack, if you had married Fanny, I should never have known—but now, now! No, no! I couldn't spare you to Fanny now."

"Then we will go together and see his banditship," said Jack, passing her arm through his. "I am curious to know what he will do first."

The count had just brought an ice for Miss Fanny, and was making his way toward her with great dexterity, when his eyes fell upon Miss Louwin, whose remark, addressed in his own language to Jack, had arrested his attention. At sight of her he started, his hand described a rotary motion, and a part of the cream fell on his scrupulously smooth and delicate shirt-front. He stepped back a pace, as well as he could, and seemed endeavoring to hide his agitation.

"Signor, we have met before," said Miss Louwin, fastening her eyes upon him. "You were then in the character of a host who compels his guests. I hope you left your comrades well."

The man turned white to his very lips. There was clearly no escape for him, as he had recognized the woman who had been his prisoner. He did, however, make a showy denial, but it was too late.

"You evidently mistake me for some one else," he said, with recovered dignity, and hastened forward with the ice. That was the last ever seen in society of the brilliant Italian count. The matter got noised abroad, though, for Fanny's sake, her father kept it out of the newspapers. It was subsequently ascertained that the man was a count, the representative of an old family, but had become so impoverished by his vices that he took to the life of a mountain-outlaw. And he had filled his empty coffers successfully, for he was rich enough to satisfy even the greed for pleasure of a New York belle. It is probable that he will always regret his leniency toward his captivating captive.

Fanny did not mourn violently or long. Naturally, after a season, she tried all her faded little acts upon Jack again, nor did she cease to exercise her blandishments until she received the cards for a wedding.

As for Bessy Louwin, the heroine of the past, she was the prettiest and the happiest bride the sun has smiled upon this many a day.

MARY A. DENISON.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

ONE vast room, not exactly void, for, although it is now hardly more than seven o'clock, and there are hundreds of people present (privileged ones admitted by means of press-tickets), all of them are lost in the immensity of the space. The huge room seems bald and cold, and even the more desolate because of the infinite quantity of empty chairs, thousands on thousands of which stretch away across the floor in diminishing perspective. Everything that has been garish or flaunting, recalling tinsel,

spangles, and Barnum, has been eliminated. Perhaps on the curves of the gas-pipes which arch overhead there may linger still a red or a blue glass shade, or on the capitals of the wooden columns may be seen nondescript blazons of impossible countries; but this doubtful circus-heraldry has received a subduing coat of whitewash. High embankments of terraced benches, the true circus-galleries, alone indicating the former place of amusement, surround the sea of chairs. Where the chariots of the Hippodrome once swung in their dangerous circlings, or where the spavined English hunters sprang over the hurdles, and where, too, very much to the disgrace of New York authorities, and shame of New York audiences, more than one poor woman was flung maimed and bleeding into the arena, to meet her death to the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, is the place where now are held those immense religious meetings, under the auspices of Moody and Sankey, the revivalists. Hundreds of ushers, armed with staves, move rapidly from point to point. Though you may be entitled to a seat, and a good one, thanks to your special press-pass, you are politely informed "that you may not occupy any other place than the one indicated on your ticket. The whole of this floor, and nineteen-twentieths of the galleries, are for the people, and at seven and a half o'clock the doors will be opened."

There is a choir of possibly two hundred men and women on the stand. You have hardly noticed their actual presence; they would have escaped your attention but for the fact that as they are near you they are heard. These choristers are rehearsing. A rather thin and ready melodeon indicates the key and the rhythm. A choir-master, with infinite patience, is doing his best to give musical homogeneity to the singers. The men and women—perhaps because they cannot follow the movements of their leader as he beats the air with his arms, for they are so far away from him—are all at sea. They try once more the hymn in a monotonous way, when the leader says: "Mr. Sankey is particularly desirous that we should pay proper attention to the loud and soft parts." If it had been a secular performance, as leader he might have indulged in such terms as *piano* and *forte*, but the choir, now that Mr. Sankey's name is mentioned, all seem to brisk up, and, entering more fully into the spirit of the thing, give the simple hymn with good effect.

Suddenly there is a faint noise, a rumble heard from a dozen parts of the room. The doors have been opened. An immense conourse of men and women, who have been patiently waiting at the many entrances for the last two hours, have at last their innings. A confused patter of feet strikes the ear as a multitude of people flood the place. In about eight minutes some eight thousand human beings have settled down into chairs, or have scaled the galleries. How they all got there—how the empty room became suddenly full, or how it was all done so noiselessly—strikes one not accustomed to such things as partaking of the miraculous. It was a peculiarly silent audience from the very outset. All preparatory coughing, hem-

ming, and hawing, was dispensed with. It was even a subdued audience. Quite possibly when the people surged in it tried to be quiet, and walked with muffled footfall, wanting to hold if possible in abeyance all physical disturbances. Now who could tell, gazing on so many thousands, of its component parts? Who bold enough to assert that its social preponderance gravitated toward the higher or lower grades? Class distinctions as to apparel do not, most fortunately, exist in the United States. All the spheres of life, of rich and poor, of the highly educated or grossly illiterate, were possibly represented in that audience, in view of the publicity these revival meetings have acquired. There were probably one-fifth more women present than men. As the night was clear and pleasant, and the crossings good, this meteorological fact might have accounted for that. But this majority of women at the meeting of the revivalists must not be taken as indicative of the fact that the attendance of women is greatest only on these particular occasions. At all lectures and public entertainments, wherever anything is to be seen and heard, excluding only such gatherings, political or otherwise, in which women can have no interest, if the weather is good, women are invariably present in greater proportion than men.

Presently the audience are all placed. There is no crowding. The few stragglers are shown their seats, and from the immense concourse there does not come a single sound. All eyes seek one focal point. In the centre of the stand, which rises some six feet high across the front of the room, abutting against a high wooden partition, which gives to the main room about two-thirds of the whole area of the Hippodrome, there is a vacant space. A clergyman presently appears there and prays aloud. Then there is the slightest appearance of a sound—that faint noise made when eight thousand people move but the very least—for now Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey walk to the front.

Mr. Sankey opens the service. The man's face is a handsome one. The head is peculiarly well shaped, the beard and mustache neatly trimmed, the complexion florid, with healthy blood coursing through it, and the eyes are hazel. Should Mr. Sankey have passed you in the street, you might have said, though you were a man, "There goes a good-looking, cheerful fellow." The whole expression is one of bright intelligence, imbued with a certain amount of impulsiveness. The figure, without being commanding, is well proportioned. The whole impression is a happy one.

Mr. Sankey takes his place behind the melodeon, bows his head until it is concealed behind the instrument, and then slowly raises his arm. He is invoking in prayer the mercy of the Almighty. The prayer is a good one, not a florid one in the least, but plain and straightforward. If the tenor of phraseology be quaint at times, it has an honest ring of sincerity about it. Mr. Sankey is indifferent as to the roundness and equipoise of his sentences, and apparently does not care to weigh them. The man's brain, as it were, has not taken the thoughts, and clipped off a

certain jaggedness here, and rolled out a roughness there; the lips have not burnished it, but, without being a chaste coin, still it is a good honest one, and will pass current in men's hearts. Its influence is persuasive, certainly; and, as the voice is a musical one, it has a decidedly softening and soothing effect. That single finger uplifted over the melodeon must have seemed to many as beckoning them on for the first time in their existence to a happier life. Now the prayer, not too long a one, is not ungracefully concluded. Both the revivalists eschew long invocations, and very wisely, too. Next Mr. Sankey preludes on the organ, not artistically, but with fair precision, and he sings.

The voice, though not cultivated in the sense artistic people understand it, is not without training, and has a certain natural fullness; nor has Mr. Sankey neglected the power of expression. As the divinest strains of impassioned musical praise would fall cold and unheeded if issuing from a mask of marble, the revivalist's face lights up with his song. Of course it is not ballad-singing, but at the same time it has nothing of the forced conventionalism of that old-fashioned spasmodic inflection. If it is the final refrain, which repeats the melody, and completes the musical rhythm, Mr. Sankey, conscious of its effect, pays great attention to it. Evidently Mr. Sankey knows how the emotional sympathy of that audience is to be awakened; and why should he not? What is it to him, or to anybody, how grace or salvation comes, so that it does come by rightful means. Better that the words of the Lord should steal sweetly into a man's soul, and awaken him from his lethargy by such gentle means, than by shocking him. Man's psychological nature, it is true, may be shaken by mental explosions at times, but then it suffers from the recoil. One hymn sung by Mr. Sankey had an echo-effect to it which was made more impressive by the repetition of a final word by some one on the platform. We detail purposely all these musical matters as presenting in Mr. Sankey the persuasive element in the revival movement.

Now Mr. Moody strides to the front. He is a man of another and different clay from Mr. Sankey—tall, stalwart, squarely, massively built. At first the *physique* and general appearance of the man seem heavy. The head is attached to the body by a short neck; the forehead is rather broad than high. The nose is not classical, nor are the eyes large nor lustrous; but the whole man is illustrative of strength and thoroughness, and seems to have untold sources of will and determination to draw upon. Mr. Moody's features have been somewhat etherialized in the engravings, and none we have yet seen resemble him. The head recalls slightly the Socratic lineaments, and Socrates had not a classic face. There is nothing ascetic, however, in Mr. Moody's appearance, for it is bluff and hearty. He wears a long, flowing beard and heavy mustache, which partly hide any emotional expressions. The voice has its peculiarities. Naturally it must have been what teachers of declamation call an impossible voice; but, by dint of training, it accomplishes its purpose admirably. It can

be heard anywhere in the largest hall. If there is no grace in Mr. Moody, still there is no awkwardness. The gestures are sober; he never thumps, nor bangs, nor forges out the text on imaginary anvils.

The text chosen by Mr. Moody, read in decidedly a commonplace way, was one in regard to the want of confessing Christians. "Men would not openly declare," Mr. Moody said, "that they were on the side of Christ." The introductory words of the revivalist were given, too, without effect, but gradually he warmed up with the topic. Here and there true touches of human nature came on, not those emanating from lofty sources, but such as were familiar to the masses. Sedulously all along, though there was persuasiveness in it, Mr. Moody seemed to dread touching that extra-emotional element which he might have developed; gradually the interest increased until it culminated in a pathetic story of some child saving a mother from sin. Men and women sobbed. There were no paroxysms, no convulsive expressions of grief, no *mea-culpa* mummuries, only sympathies were softened.

People, well-educated ones, may scoff sometimes at what they call "anecdotal interjections intruded into a sermon." Yet, when a man tells his own experiences of what he saw in a garret in Chicago, or in a slum in Baxter Street, there is something living and vivid in it. Though we may have Bible-classes and Sunday-schools, and geographical acquaintance with the Holy Land, and a biographical knowledge of the men who lived and died there thousands of years ago, such place and men are always far off, perhaps even farther off to the grown man than to the child. There is decidedly nothing gushing in Mr. Moody's manner. In fact, he is the antithesis of it. When John Wesley felt with grief that Whitfield was drawing souls from his church, the grand old man said, "Do men gather from his amorous way of praying to Christ, or that luscious way of preaching his righteousness, any real holiness?"

Those vicious methods (at least, so we deem them) of making the way to a better life, as a wandering through a floral decoration, or the opposite, the more frequently adopted by other modern revivalists as a path beset with spring-guns and odorous with sulphur, Mr. Moody carefully avoids. Another admirable lesson taught by Mr. Moody is what may be thus simply expressed: a man or a woman cannot be bad at twelve o'clock and be good at one o'clock. People who know nothing about the work of the revivalists sometimes insist that this is the special doctrine preached. Very certainly neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey lays claim to this power. It is quite probable, with the vast experience they have had, that the revivalists would be very doubtful as to the sincerity of such a convert. They do not believe in the "presto-change" movement. Conversion, they insist, must be gradual, in order to be permanent.

Mr. Moody's manner is artless. It is not always that he is at the highest point of tension. There are lights and shadows in his preaching. The cumulative power, which puts him in close connection with the thou-

sands, and which imbues them with the holy feeling, is not always foreseen, and for that very reason is all the more impressive. It may be that the first text chosen by him, which as a Scriptural trellis his tree is to grow on, is too scant and restricted. Instantly he supplements this text with new ones, and the inspiration comes. Then suddenly shoots forth a new growth, which bears both its flowers and fruits. For fully an hour Mr. Moody held eight thousand people under his sway. Words might have been clipped here and there, and, like a German emperor, the revivalists might have been *super grammaticum*; but still it was a true, eloquent appeal, and an honest and sincere one.

In this plain analysis of the proceedings at the Hippodrome which we have attempted to give, we do not pretend to advance any opinion as to whether its religious effects will be lasting. Human nature ebbs and flows. To us, to any one, it is impossible to discover whether the tide does or does not sweep back again into the ocean such waifs as it may have thrown up on the shore. If it be not with this present effort of the revivalist that the moral condition of our people is to be bettered, it may be that it will come later. But of this we may be pretty certain, that if the masses of the people are to be better educated in a religious sense, and taught self-restraint, and the courage to resist temptation, in Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey they will find abler teachers than they have ever had before.

B. P.

A JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN.¹

IV.

XVI.

THE bill of fare was brought, of course; but I cannot take the reader into confidence regarding all these repasts. Each was perfect of its kind, and I do not hesitate to say that there was nothing in El Dorado which we enjoyed more. Perhaps the reason I am reticent on the subject is, that were I to speak about them at all, there would be room left for nothing else. The courses were like the seven colors of the rainbow, each complete in itself, and combining to form a whole of utter satisfaction. As to the wines, we were always careful temperately to order half-bottles; but it so happened that there were no half-bottles in stock; so whole bottles were brought, and we were requested to drink half, paying only for what we drank. But when the bills came in we always found whole bottles charged; and somehow or other we never felt justified in complaining.

Dessert over, we provided ourselves with a roll of La Honradez cigarettes and strolled epicureanly out upon the wide, gas-illuminated boulevard, or whatever may be the El Doradoan name of this sort of streets. The air was warm, and everything seemed luxurious. The broad sidewalks were over-

grown with small tables and chairs, at which sat countless persons of all social grades, from exquisites in gloves and beavers to unelaborate gentlemen in blouses and caps. All were volatile, gesticulative, and more or less excitable, but universally polite and good-humored. The majority were drinking a pale-green beverage of aromatic odor, which MacMerry and I had no difficulty in identifying; the minority divided themselves between a thin kind of beer and coffee. We joined the latter section, sitting just outside the transparent entrance of a blazing *café*, whose interior was all men, mirrors, and absinthe. Open carriages bowed continuously past, bearing fashionable people to the theatres and elsewhere; and on the sidewalk outside the verge of tables moved an interminable stream of gay-hearted pedestrians. As my friend and I set down our coffee-cups and breathed forth from our nostrils the fragrant blue smoke of La Honradez, we looked steadfastly at one another, and I murmured:

"Contong?"
"Contong!"

We smoked on. MacMerry took a couple of blank visiting-cards from his pocket-book and wrote something on them with a pencil.

"What's that?" I drawled.

"Let you know presently," he replied, pocketing the cards. "Meanwhile let us have a cab and go to the theatre. Just an act or two, and then somewhere else."

Since we knew nothing as to merits of the various theatres, we bade the driver take us to the nearest; but the venture did not turn out particularly successful. The piece was of a spectacular description, such as is not unknown in New York and Boston. The hero and heroine were both ladies, and contrived to display tolerably handsome figures to the best advantage; and there were a great many ballets.

"Much of this is really indecorous," remarked MacMerry; "and yet we're not shocked—only a bit bored. Are we so abandonedly callous, or what is the reason?"

"I have yet to learn," said I, "why one thing shocks me and another does not. But I doubt the possibility of being harmfully indecorous at second hand. These ladies have learned their parts; they are not imbued with a spirit of their own; and, until they can delude us into forgetting that fact, we shall remain uncorrupted and critical, and only wish they were better looking. As it is, they exist in a sphere of unrealities, and can lay hold of nothing real in us. Whoever wishes to corrupt the age must fetch his inspiration from himself, otherwise it will not stir the pulse of the spectators. You cannot seduce by proxy. If there were a spontaneously vicious performer on that stage we should feel her influence quickly enough, even if she did no more than the rest do, or even not so much."

"Is there no such thing as the demoralizing effect of the drama?" demanded my friend, hoping to entrap me into foolish generalizations.

"Spectacular drama is a thing by itself," was my answer. "Immorality is best inculcated by every-day people in every-day

clothes, and in every-day places. The failure of any one of those conditions entails loss of power, though the last is the least important. If M. Dumas, in Paris, could get his plays performed in private drawing-rooms, he might expect to move society to some purpose; and the tendency seems to be to make the stage as drawing-room-like as possible."

"For my part, I believe this second-hand indecorum, as you call it, to be more dangerous than its original. Devil-and-water may not be so heady as devil-straight, but it hardens the throat to it. Whereas, if you start off with a tumbler of devil-straight, you have a chance of becoming disgusted and rejecting it under any form."

"Your figure is faulty," said I; "for no one imbibes the devil from without, but develops him from within. And, as I said before, when our Satanic inhabitant comes across a blood-relation, he jumps up and expands with cordiality; but far-off cousins don't so much move him."

At this point there was an intermission in the performance, and MacMerry arose and left the theatre, taking me along with him. "We are going to try an experiment," he said, as we lighted fresh cigarettes, and emerged upon the wide sidewalk, which seemed even gayer and more brilliant than before. "How is your Satanic inhabitant now?"

"Contong," I replied; and MacMerry hailed a cab.

XVII.

IT was about ten o'clock as we trundled down the glittering "bullyard" (another of my friend's versions), and, after crossing several streets and squares, came upon the smooth ways of an extensive park, which, however, was not set apart from the city, but seemed to be another phase merely—the city with the houses left out, and grass and shrubbery in their place. As well as we could make it out in the gas-illuminated dusk, it seemed to contain statues and monuments disposed in effective sites; and certainly there were *café*s enough, sparkling here and there from behind clumps of foliage. At one moment we passed athwart an avenue of great length, lamplit along both sides, with a most aerial and fairy-like effect. Finally we rattled on pavements again, and MacMerry, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out the cards upon which he had written earlier in the evening. One of these he gave to me.

"The Proprieties," I read, in surprise; "what put them in your head? Are these tickets of admission to the place of our destination?"

"Well, in an indirect sort of way, they are," returned he, tossing away the remnant of his cigarette, and removing his feet from the front-seat—for our driver appeared to be on the point of pulling up. "That is," he added, as we alighted, and he handed up a "cart-wheel" to be changed, "it is by getting rid of these that we get into that white-arched gateway. Just as you enter, you must tear your card up and throw it away, and then you will meet with no difficulty."

I pondered this odd information a moment, and then said, prudently, "I think,

¹ Continued from JOURNAL of February 26th.

MacMery, we had better not pass beneath that white-arched gateway, but preserve 'The Proprieties' intact. 'Discretion is the better part of valor!'

"All right!" said my friend, readily; and he whistled after the cab, which had begun to move away. "We can take this same fellow back to the hotel."

"Hold on!" I exclaimed, after another moment's reflection. "I think we will go in, after all: 'Knowledge is power!'" And with these words I tore "The Proprieties" into fragments, and scattered them on the pavement.

"All right!" responded MacMery, following my example; "just as you like." And, without more ado, we passed beneath the white archway, paid something to a wizen-faced, weasel-eyed little man within, and anon found ourselves walking up a broad path with shrubbery on each side, and over-arched, at short intervals, with iron rods studded with gas-burners in ground-glass globes. We were in a sort of artificial garden, reminding me somewhat of the beer-gardens with which I had become familiar in Germany; but this was at once more artificial and more elegant. In fact, the combination of Nature and ornament was singularly successful. It was not easy to say where one ended and the other began, and they enhanced rather than impaired each other's effect. Ever and anon a bush or a tree stood pendent with fiery fruit. Perhaps the union of two seemingly antagonistic realities was the cause of the appearance of unreality which invested all things like an atmosphere. This was an Armida's garden, fantastic and beautiful, and with a something evil peeping forth from the richest centre of the beauty. And this evil germ is doubtless the essence of the whole matter—like the fragrance of a poisonous flower, it adds to the fascination while the bloom lasts, but becomes rank in the nostrils after the petals have been plucked away.

The path soon brought us to an open circular area, perhaps an acre in extent. The central portion, of about thirty paces' diameter, was laid down with asphalt, lightly sanded over, and in the centre of this, again, stood a pagoda-like edifice for musicians. An ordered plantation of broad-leaved palm-trees, fruitful with lamps instead of cocoanuts, grew up from the asphalt around the pagoda, which was also studded with lights. The ample pathway surrounding the asphalt was nevertheless as well illuminated as though all else had been in darkness; while outside the pathway stood at intervals little gilded booths, ablaze with gas, and clicking with bagatelle-balls and the spinning of teetotums. On our right, as we entered, was a spacious, raised terrace, set out with a hundred lamps, between which clustered groups of white, enameled tables. At the back of the terrace were brilliantly-lighted saloons, paneled with gold and colors, and embellished with mirrors; and at one side was a liquor-bar furnished out with glittering glass and silver somewhat after the American style.

This Armida's garden, attractive enough as it stood, was all a-throb with voluptuous music, and thronged with a very brilliant as-

semblage of Armidas. They moved slowly, in a complex stream, round and round the encircling pathway, or enthroned themselves on the abounding chairs and benches, or sat drinking or chatting at the tables on the terrace, or bagatelle and teetotumed at the gilded booths, or wandered with their escorts down the side-paths which conducted to the comparative obscurity of the outer garden. They were one and all beautifully dressed in the latest fashions, and bore themselves with a sort of gay propriety and demure *abandon*, the like of which is perhaps met with not elsewhere than here. Personally, the majority were good-looking, and many appeared to possess extraordinary beauty of feature; but there was undeniably a dearth of fire or sweet expression among these enchantresses. There were spirited faces and defiant ones; and luxurious and sensuous types, both coarse and refined; but no depth, no mystery of womanhood, no closed petals. Armida is not a person likely to improve, in any sense, upon acquaintance. Her inward has become outward, and what was outward has got rubbed off. She can discover to us nothing more than we catch at the first glance; and, being aware of this, and that everything depends on the first blow, she concentrates to it her every natural and adventitious force. This might be pathetic, were there any appreciation or conception of *pathos* in her; but such is not the case: she is at once callous, subtle, and selfish, and devoid of reflection as well as of genuine passion and tenderness. Yet nowhere does Armida attain so finished and fascinating a development as in the neighborhood of this same illuminated garden.

MacMery and I, not having invaded her stronghold in any philanthropic or evangelical spirit, set ourselves as much as possible to the tune of our surroundings. The precaution we had taken in regard to The Proprieties no doubt aided us in this feat, though I am not inclined to regard it as intrinsically a very difficult one. All that is needed is to close and lock a number of inward doors, and to see, think, and live only, as it were, in our outermost embrasures. The effect of so doing may be, at first, analogous to that produced by a rarefied atmosphere; strength and vitality seem to dwindle away, the voice grows faint, and there is no nourishment in the breath. But these and similar symptoms soon disappear, and life now feels like a very light, unattached, jaunty affair, disburdened of the clogs of memory and forethought, and dancing cork-like on the foaming crest of the present. Surface greets surface, and is content with superficial charm; and no one is so impolite as to suggest that his neighbor's shell contains anything but emptiness. So Armida's magic draught begins to work, and would possibly prove strong enough, give it fair play, to upset the most obstinate centre of gravity. Happily, moral inebriety, no less than physical, has its crisis and reactions, giving chance after chance for reconsideration. It takes a determined purpose, or a monstrous predisposition, to make a confirmed drunkard.

For an evening, however, the draught may intoxicate very delicately, and even leave

an appetite for another trial. The music warbles and throbs in our ears, the lights sparkle and glow, lovely faces pass and re-pass, perfect toilets soothe the eye, and there are winning looks and voices in abundance if we will heed them, yet so subdued and whispered as not to offend us if we would hold off. Your true Armida abhors obstreperousness in word or action. And she possesses one passive argument which probably presents itself more or less explicitly to every one, and which is worth all her active ones put together. It is an instinct with most people to believe that whatever is beautiful ought not to be lost. They feel an inborn right to it, and that to lose it is to be defrauded of somewhat of their lawful human heritage—in which is not so much beauty as to reconcile them to foregoing any. Beholding Armida, therefore, who seems to own such beauties as may be dreamed of, but are not elsewhere concretely obtainable, they feel a yearning to realize their dream, and murmur against the apparently perverse destiny which makes sin the inevitable condition of such enjoyment. They deem it a waste and a wrong, and ask how that which contains so much good can be all evil? And it is the failure to find an adequate answer to this question, perhaps, that persuades many into making terms with the enchantress.

It is scarcely my cue, even had I the ability, to hint what that answer might be. The thirst for beauty is a legitimate thirst, and has a right to be satisfied; and mankind, throughout all the weary ages since their fall, have strangely retained the intuitive conviction that external loveliness should fore-shadow internal. Though experience has never spared nor ceased to undermine this unsophisticated creed, it still dies hard; nor should it be suffered wholly to die at all. For, albeit a thorn in our flesh, it serves likewise as a spur which at last may goad us into overtaking that harmonious paradise for whose existence it is our chief warranty. And, meanwhile, is it not comfortable to reflect that the very hollowness of Armida's charms argues in favor of a celestial Garden of Eden for all of us, if not for an ultimate revival of the earthly one?

XVIII.

MACMERY left me, and soon disappeared in the crowd. I sat down on one of the benches at the verge of the asphalt, which happened at that moment to be unoccupied. The music, after a short pause, renewed itself in a most tempting and ethereal waltz, and by-and-by first one couple, and then three or four, began to whirl about over the smooth floor. The handsome, sweeping dresses of the women whisked in rustling arcs; the sway and haste of their motion were completely graceful. Gradually the music quickened; more dancers joined in, and all flew faster. The aspect of affairs grew each moment more unrestrained. The harmonious tumult of the wild tune and movement combined to stir the on-looker's pulse, and rouse that primitive, incorrigible sympathy with dancing which has abode in man since the time of nymphs and fauns. The passion is a genuine one, and has a right to move us,

though its delight be more than half animal. But presently one of the women, as she swept round, stooped and caught the flying hem of her skirt, and threw it over her left shoulder, and so whirled on. Then others followed her example; and soon the music stormed and beat over a crew of lawless Mænades, flying with unveiled limbs and swaying forms in a dizzy maze of eddying circles. I have read the description of the indescribable dance in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," and the Aphrodite-dance of Pelagia in Kingsley's "Hypatia;" and for a time I tried to feel strictly poetical, and to regard this amazing scene from an imaginative, classical, or, as it were, primeval point of view. But either I was too narrow-minded, or the performance lasted too long; all at once I could see nothing but a confused crowd of immodest women spinning frantically in a waltz. The brief exhilaration simmered down, the world became disagreeably prosaic, and I caught myself feeling provoked and somewhat humiliated. Our age may be a sensual one; but precisely this sort of thing is an anachronism. I do not say we are too good for it, but we are too sophisticated.

I took out my paper of *La Honradez* and began to smoke; a tall, graceful young lady, with haughty, delicate features, and dressed from head to foot in gauzy pink, sat down on the bench beside me, and, after looking at me for a moment, courteously expressed a desire to join me in a cigarette. She took one accordingly, rolled it very deftly without removing her pink-kid gloves, and smoked it, like an epicure, through her nostrils. I had chanced to remark her in the waltz, where she was among the most accomplished and impassioned of the dancers. She now wore a grave, indifferent, and aristocratic air, which seemed nowise compatible with such behavior. We conversed a little in a desultory manner, but apparently had nothing of interest to say to one another. At length I asked her whether any more waltzes were to be apprehended.

She curled the smoke from her lips, and shrugged her shoulders. "Another might perhaps be expected later on. But the waltz was not artistic—there was no room for the display of talent. Had I yet seen the cotillon? There would be one shortly, and I would then have a chance of judging what a scientific performer could do."

At this juncture MacMery reappeared, with his usual serene hilarity, and his pockets stuffed with little painted china chickens and other knick-knacks, which he had been spinning for with the teetotums. He always had prodigious luck in such matters. As for the waltz, which had subjected me to such a stress of incongruous feelings, it seemed not to have unsettled by a hair's breadth his wholesome composure. The conversation now became general until, the music again striking up, our pink Armida announced the cotillon; and in a few moments a set was arranged on the asphalt in front of our bench. A knot of spectators formed around the couples, and we joined them.

"It is Theresa—she in gray silk," observed our companion; "she does very respectfully; you are fortunate in seeing her." And

here Theresa and she exchanged the amicable nod and smile of generous and mutually-appreciative artists. The dance began, and continued for a minute or two in the usual manner. Theresa was a sprightly, rather satirical-looking young woman, with a lithe and finely-moulded figure, and a tense, alert, confident bearing. Her eyes were gray, and particularly sharp and quick. After a few crossings and passes to and fro, she laid hold of her silk skirts on both sides with noticeable deliberation, advanced again with an airy step, lifting the skirts higher and higher above her small, jaunty boots and close-fitting, immaculate stockings, and all at once tossed up her foot in a manner beyond expectation, held it for a moment on a level with her head, and then, with a sudden, sidelong quirk, kicked off the hat of a man who happened to be standing within reach.

A sort of cat-like purr of applause went round the circle of spectators, while the man picked up his hat and brushed the sand from it. I looked at Theresa with curiosity. There was no confusion in her expression—that was not to be expected; but it somewhat staggered me to perceive that neither was there any defiant boldness, which would have suggested, at least, that she might once have known, or at any rate heard say, that such a thing as womanly shame existed. Theresa's face—in the teeth of all that is probable and consistent in human nature—expressed only modest, pleased, *naïve* acceptance of the recognition which she felt was due to her talents. An ingenuous schoolgirl, praised in a public examination for a clever answer, would have looked precisely thus. The reader, who is very likely more vehemently indignant that such things should be written about than that they should exist; who hotly maintains that the immoral classes have nothing to do with the moral, save as vague objects of horror; who believes that the best way to annihilate vice is to ignore it up to the last moment, and then to call it outrageous; who denounces comment and inquiry regarding these unsavory miracles as diseased and morbid, and almost more vicious than the evil discussed—my old familiar pharisaical reader, in short, will see nothing connected with this cold-blooded piece of indecency to justify me in recording it. Nevertheless I am puzzled to account for the fact that the modestly immodest Theresa partook of all my own and my reader's physical attributes, and inferentially of our spiritual ones likewise; and that she, who had forsaken chastity and propriety so utterly as to have forgotten what they were, should yet have been susceptible of a feminine, unsophisticated, unaffected glow of gratification at being praised for—what? I find it portentous, especially as Theresa is not a unique by any means, but a type. Whatever she is, the most blameless of us has it in him or in her to be; and this is perhaps her most offensive and least pardonable crime—in the eyes of her fellow-creatures, if not of her Creator.

XIX.

"THERE'S no devil-and-water about that!" observed MacMery, as we drove homeward. "Still, as you say, the proper-

est ballet is technically more improper than Theresa's cotillon. Are you sorry we preferred knowledge to discretion?"

"Discretion can't alter facts; but knowledge must alter us, one way or the other."

"You seem to think," rejoined MacMery, after a short silence, "that visiting the wicket is a cheap, direct, and handy route to the investigation of your own soul—the evil part of it, that is, just as studying an art-collection or reading a fine biography informs you as to the good part. But how do you explain the—"

"Seeing and acknowledging is enough for me," I interrupted. "I can't explain anything, and intend for the future to be content with statements. I'm convinced, by-the-by, that whatever else this country may be, it is not *El Dorado*; for *El Dorado* can be nothing but a grand explanation."

"And a place," added MacMery, "where Sisters of Charity are not allowed." He pointed as he spoke to the crossing of a street we were approaching, and there, sure enough, were our two black-and-white friends hastening along side by side beneath the glimmering gas-lamps. The world is certainly a much larger place than our geographies pretend.

The next morning I was awakened by the sound of some lively *bardinage* between Mac and our attendant fairy; and the latter presently appeared smiling with the water for my bath, and wished to know whether I would drink my chocolate in bed? I luxuriously and dreamily assented, and the smoking cup was accordingly placed on a high stand by the bedside. I drank and dozed, and anon roused myself again and finished the cup and lighted a cigarette. Through the open window came the sweet influences of the warm, sunny morning; the chocolate and the tobacco created a corresponding geniality within. Pleasant echoes came up from the street, and across the intervening room I could hear a low, hilarious whistling, which informed me that my friend was as peacefully happy as myself. At length I summoned my sybaritic energies and called out to him; he responded; and we thereupon exchanged our customary countersign. It was half-past eleven by one of the dining-room clocks when we lounged into breakfast, and found all sorts of crisp, fresh, and fragrant delicacies awaiting us; and eggs bearing upon their snowy bosoms the date of their birth.

"Patent hens," explained MacMery, "warranted to date every egg laid, or money refunded."

We feasted well, and then, in mere lightness of heart, began a series of gymnastic performances with such means as were at hand, ending with a hurdle-race over the chairs and tables, set in order for the purpose. The house trembled beneath us; but, if there were any lodgers on the floor below, they were either too timid or too good-natured to expostulate, and we raced ourselves out of breath; and then, having rested for a while, sallied hopefully forth into the outer sunshine. It was just hot enough to make it a sin to walk fast. We dawdled.

Taversing several fine streets, so broad that one doubted whether the people on op-

posite sides spoke the same language, we began to be aware of approaching the outskirts of a crowd; and, pressing leisurely forward, soon came in sight of a large, columned, Grecian-looking edifice, standing high at the head of a handsome avenue. Here seemed to be the nucleus of the interest. Two or three thousand infantry and cavalry of various descriptions were drawn up in the square surrounding the church (for a church this pagan-looking temple proved to be), and occasionally an officer in stately regiments would issue from the door, or dignifiedly mount the long flight of steps. There is this disagreeable trait about churches, that except when taken up with religious exercises, or standing idle, they are sure to be either marrying or burying. They are always in extremes, one way or another. In the present case it soon became evident that a funeral was going forward. After the leading escort of cavalry had glittered and clattered slowly up the avenue the warrior's hearse appeared, having a great gold S, the initial of the dead man's name, embroidered on the pall. The corpse itself was invisible. It is a curious custom—that of veiling the dead, in his last and generally his first public pageant, from the eyes of the living. Death invests him with an awful sanctity only to be compared, this side the coffin, with that of a Chinese emperor. Or is it that the refined eyes of modern civilization cannot brook the sight of lifeless clay? Naked Death is bad *ton*, like naked Sin, and must screen his grim features beneath flowers and emblematic draperies and euphemisms. Were we immortal and sinless we should not be so squeamish.

MacMery found, on inquiry, that S—— was one of the oldest generals of the army—a relic of the Peninsula and Waterloo, perhaps. Detachments from all the army-corps were present in the procession, as though for the especial purpose of passing in review before us. In these days an army is a matter of some importance, so we looked at these gallant fellows with attention. The bay charger of the dead general followed immediately after the hearse; then came a great number of officers, mostly old or elderly men, and as fine-looking a set as I ever beheld. Fine, powerful, grave, warlike old faces; broad, sturdy figures, and soldierly bearing—they looked incarnations of stern battle and wise counsel. They were on foot for the most part, and trod along with their hands clasped behind them, and their heads bent. They were, I suppose, the personal friends and compeers of the veteran beneath the pall. After them came the representatives from the various regiments, horse and foot. The steeds were not particularly praiseworthy; the men who bestrode them deserved better; they were a dark-eyed, swarthy-cheeked, mettlesome troop, although, compared with the German cavalry, they appeared more stout-hearted than well-drilled. Indeed, considered as drill-material, the mass of the common soldiers of all kinds struck me as being somewhat ineligible. They were not plastic, unsouled puppets—clocks and engines in fleshy casings—but fellows of individuality, having traits and notions of their own. The

infantry marched by in a desultory, irregular manner, not troubling themselves to keep step or line, but walking independently and informally. A regiment of them would not appear as a single homogeneous machine, but as a thousand men. If their marching can be taken as a test of their drill in other respects, I am afraid they might find themselves seriously embarrassed in the day of battle. A thousand men are not so formidable as a thousandfold embodiment of one man, when fighting is the game. For my part, I would rather be beaten on my own responsibility than only strike the thousandth part of a victorious blow. But nations cannot be choosers, save at their peril.

XX.

THE pageant slowly withdrew down the steadily length of the avenue, the military music faded from our hearing, and the crowd broke up in knots and finally melted away. MacMery and I betook ourselves in the direction of the great four-square arch, which, the most conspicuous object in the city, had been looming at us out of the clouds ever since our arrival. It stood on a natural eminence, at the junction of several roads that radiated from it like the spokes of a wheel. The main road approached in a straight, in terminable line from the westward, and, passing underneath the principal archway, sloped majestically onward to the city. Seen from this point, everything arranged itself in an orderly and symmetrical manner, and we felt that, at last, we had got to the top of the world. Only from this spot did the sides of the planet curve downward, and the sun was never at high noon save when he was poised exactly overhead.

In obedience to the healthy instinct abiding in every properly-constituted soul of bettering its station to the utmost, we, in spite of the heat, climbed to the summit of this huge structure. The staircase was not in keeping with the marble nobility outside—it was narrow, dark, and tortuous, like many of the paths which lead to eminence. Half-way up we emerged into a spacious and gloomy interior chamber, pierced with deep loop-holes, and vaulted above. It would be a good place wherein to imprison a captive monarch, while the triumphal procession which celebrated his downfall was passing underneath. Crossing this chamber, we recommenced the ascent on the other side, and after toil lifted our heads above the roof. The earth which we had left looked so distant, and its inhabitants so small, that it hardly seemed worth while to think of returning thither. An immense number of gay equipages were crawling up and down the cityward street, and the noise they made seemed altogether out of proportion to their size. A party of young Americans had mounted before us, and were displaying their courage and agility by playing tag about the battlements, with the improved feature of being liable to fall over the edge at any moment, and soil the clean mosaic pavements below. Happily for the pavements, this casualty did not occur.

Leaning on the parapet, MacMery and I traced out upon the great live map before us

the course of our further journey from then till dinner-time. It lay first through the park, stopping at yonder *café* among the trees for a sherry-cobbler and ten minutes of brass-band; thence winding toward the river, crossing the fisherman-haunted bridge, entering the further city, there to lose ourselves for an hour or two in unknown ways. It was thereabout, if report were to be trusted, that the most picturesque portion of the population had their abode. Emerging at length in the neighborhood of the Gothic cathedral we had visited yesterday, we would cross the river once more, and, bearing eastward and northward, gradually swing round into the region of the fashionable billyards. In some crimson-velvet nook of one or another enameled *café* there to be found would we rest our weariness and appease the appetite which we had been accumulating by the way.

Anxious to realize our imagined tramp, we hurried down-stairs, and speedily trod again the solid crust of the globe, into which, as is always the case after descending from an elevation, we felt as if we were sunk up to our necks; and the progress we were able to make with our material legs seemed very snail-like in comparison with the late airy stride of fancy. Nevertheless we persisted, and at last saw ourselves landed on the other bank of the river, with our eyes opened for the picturesque.

"Do you call this picturesque?" demanded MacMery. "The streets are narrow, to be sure, and not quite straight, and the houses are high and tolerably irregular; but what is it compared with that crooked old seaport which you hunted through yesterday morning, all cats, and projections, and gables, and old women? No dirt here, either. People ordinary. Oh, that's rather picturesque, though, that fourth-story window on the other side."

Looking up, I saw a window, commonplace enough as it left the architect's hands, but at present embellished in a manner which Michael Angelo or Giotto might have found it difficult to surpass. The prettiest dark-eyed girl in the world was leaning out of it and smiling mischievously down at us. She wore a distracting little cap on her black hair, and a red ribbon fluttered at her neck. Sociably beside her, shoulder to shoulder, or even, as MacMery maintained, with his arm round her waist, leaned a handsome young student with curly locks, and a long-stemmed pipe in his mouth. It was the essence of Bohemianism framed in three feet by five. Immediately all the surroundings took on a mellower color, and seemed quaintier, more ancient, and more poetic, while Mac and I felt refreshed and encouraged, and ready to make the best of everything. My friend took off his hat, upon which the dark-eyed beauty vouchsafed him a little nod and a broader smile, and the young student good-naturedly beckoned with his pipe. There must have been a vein of malice in his affability, however, for before we looked away he suddenly, and in the most unprovoked manner, turned about and kissed the charming brunette on her saucy, scarlet lips. It was on the fourth story, but MacMery avowed himself

personally insulted, and proposed storming the height and demanding reparation. I condoned his indignation, but refused to see how he could improve matters by violence; and, though he affirmed that violence was not his intention, I managed to restrain him, and we left our Bohemians still sociable in their window.

XXI.

It was late in the afternoon before we found ourselves at the cathedral; and after contemplating its façade awhile we passed round it on the right, and agreed to object to the superfluity as regards both size and number of the flying buttresses, which seemed more likely to crush the walls in than to prop them against falling out. Leaving the great church behind us, we turned a corner or two, and came out near a low, pallid, featureless building, abutting on the river-bank, and no way noticeable save for the presence of a little crowd before the doorway. A stream of people were continually going in and out: men and women, old and young, girls and boys, nurses with babies; occasionally a fashionable carriage would drive up and a lady or gentleman would enter, and after a few minutes reappear and drive away. Some public exhibition of universal interest was evidently in progress, which it was incumbent upon us to see; and we pressed in accordingly. An official personage stood by the door within; but he made no demand for entrance-money, and we could not help marveling at the excellence of a show at once so popular and so cheap.

The room was stone-paved, bare, and oblong. An iron railing running from end to end divided it in halves lengthwise. Two or three feet beyond the railing was a partition of glass reaching from ceiling to ceiling, and completely separating the spectators from the spectacle. The inclosure on the other side of the partition contained perhaps a dozen stone pallets ranged in two rows, one beyond the other. Against the farther wall were hanging from iron hooks a lot of shabby and wrinkled garments: worn trousers, threadbare coats, an old blouse and pair of overalls, a dilapidated petticoat, and an indescribable bonnet. Nothing, apparently, could have been more uninteresting than these old clothes, unless it were the people to whom they belonged.

Nevertheless, it was precisely those people whom we were all assembled to bestare. They reclined facing us, side by side, and, though presumably of the lower orders, they sustained our gaze with an unruffled composure which was impressive. They were pale and haggard, and singularly motionless; though we watched for some minutes, not a muscle moved. Had it not been for this unnatural stillness we might have fancied them asleep, for the eyes of all were closed. But what person in his senses would think of coming to a place like this to sleep—supine on a cold stone slab, his clothes hanging on an iron hook over his head, and his only covering a square piece of board, painted black and fastened down across his middle? Observe, too, that stream of water which squirts from the little pipe just over the face, and

keeps it and the breast deluged with a liquid film. No one could sleep under that.

"Look at that fellow just opposite," said I to MacMery. "Do you notice the grin on his face? He has kept that up ever since we came in here, without varying it a hair's breadth. Doesn't it seem as if he were aware of some tremendous joke, the utterance of which would set the whole world in a roar? I wish he would tell us what it is! Do you suppose it can have any bearing upon his present condition?"

MacMery did not seem to hear me. I turned to him, and saw that he was stretching his neck toward the farther end of the inclosure, where the spectators were clustered somewhat more thickly than elsewhere. On a pallet in the corner was extended a white figure, seemingly that of a woman, though we were not in a position to see it distinctly. However, by gradually working our way through the crowd, we at length gained a better standpoint. After the first look, I glanced at MacMery; and then for a couple of minutes we beheld the white, motionless figure in silence.

It was a girl perhaps twenty years old, with long, light-brown hair, and a face which would ordinarily be called pretty, but was now invested with a peculiar solemnity of expression that almost made it beautiful. The eyes were closed; the mouth, small and graceful, drooped at the corners with a child-like, pathetic sadness, as if she were dreaming a melancholy dream. The hair was gathered up thickly above her forehead, but much of it was spread out on the stone slab beneath her white shoulders, where it was drenched by the streaming water. The contour of the girl's bosom was unusually perfect, and her limbs, so far as they were visible beneath the superincumbent bit of plank, were roundly and daintily moulded. Her feet were small and vigorously arched, and it was easy to imagine that her step and bearing must have been full of elastic grace.

On the floor beneath the pallet stood a pair of high-heeled little boots of elegant manufacture, though stained and warped with water, and the long silk stockings, likewise discolored, lay beside them. From the iron hook overhead hung a quantity of fine underclothing, some of it embellished with satin, and a long-skirted, gray-silk dress, which still dripped with moisture. To all appearances this was the wardrobe of a lady of wealth and fashion; and the girl herself bore every sign of gentle and luxurious breeding.

"What could have brought her here?" questioned I, at length, in a low tone. "I hardly expected to meet her again so soon."

"Perhaps she foresaw it," muttered my friend. "She would be consistent to the last. She has so often had the pleasure of making a sensation more or less after this fashion when alive, that she probably thought this an appropriate climax."

"It may be so," said I; "though I prefer to think this last triumph unpremeditated. And, at all events, it bears no relation to the others. Last night she was shameless; but she cannot be so now, and we can see her without shame, now that she

cannot enjoy our praise. What a good thing death is: it makes the impossible easy, and guesses all the hardest riddles off-hand."

"And yet," rejoined MacMery, frowning a little, and biting his lips, "it was never her body that was immodest. That was never more to blame than it is at this moment. I'm afraid there are some riddles too hard even for death. Is Theresa, wherever she may be, any purer than she was last evening? There seems to me to be quite as much reason for supposing her to be even less so."

"Let us bid her good-by here. She has gone on a journey to the unknown more mysterious than ours, and, until we follow her altogether, perhaps we had better not pursue her too closely with speculations."

"All right," said MacMery, as we turned away; "but I'm sorry we stumbled upon this adventure. It's too real for our plans; and anything after this would look washed out, and seem anticlimax."

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

TWO HOURS IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.

WE were two girls, sisters in all but the name, feeble in health from too many hours in the schoolroom, and too few out-of-doors. Hence our sensible physician had ordered us both, for three months, to some retired seaside nook, where there should be plenty of boating, good board, no books, and fashions at least three years old.

This delightful spot we found on the Connecticut shore of the Sound, in the family of a retired sea-captain, whose motherly wife was a capital housekeeper, while he might be said to live in his boat.

The old man was not a very entertaining companion, and was far from being an amiable soul; but we had a strong affection for his boat, and there was little we would not have endured for the sake of the stir of blood and exhilaration of heart that come from plunging straight on in the face of the wind, and joyously meeting the saucy showers of spray.

Our physician knew what he was about. We, who three months ago could hardly pass an open door without taking cold, now cared naught for wind or weather. We, who then had no appetites to speak of, could now have digested train-oil. We, who then could hardly lift a dictionary, could now render effectual aid in getting a beached sail-boat off into the water.

One morning in early October we started for our farewell sail. It was very cold for the season, yet not too cold for us. The higher the wind blew the better we liked it. To spring from side to side with every tack, to hang by one hand to the windward-side of the boat when waves are washing over the gunwales on the lee, and with the other hand to ply swiftly the old tin basin that serves as a bailing-bucket, is a delightful sort of gymnastics.

By noon the bright sun of the morning became overcast. The multitude of white

and whitish-gray clouds had consolidated into a dense blackish-gray mass over the whole sky. The wind, from a strong, steady breeze, had become fitful—"flawy," Captain H—called it—and came down upon us in sharp, unexpected gusts, now from one quarter and now from another, demanding the utmost keenness of observation and quickness of motion on the part of the helmsman.

Besides ourselves, the old captain had brought with him his little grandson, a pretty child of two years old. For a short time we had been quietly sailing before the wind, and consequently the boat stood nearly level. In its bottom lay the child, sweetly asleep. Looking at him, the grim old man smiled slightly.

"I'm going to tack pretty soon," he said, "and then, most likely, she'll ship water again. Guess I'll move him up here, out of the wet."

To lift the child, the captain for one instant let go his hold of the helm. In that instant came a loud, frightened flutter of the sails—hurried whistle as the booms flung across our heads—a swift shudder of the boat—and we found ourselves neck-deep in water, standing on the lee gunwale of the boat. With a hurried scramble we gained the sheath of the centre-board, where we stood waist-deep in the water.

The captain gave us neither encouragement nor advice. He had apparently forgotten our existence. He was sitting on the upper side of the boat fully absorbed in his grandchild. Little Charlie had given one frightened cry as the shock of the water rudely shattered his baby-dreams, but now sat as self-possessed and unconcerned in his grandfather's arms as if he had been wakened in just that way ever since he had been wakened at all.

"Captain," said Mary, "what can be done?"

"Nothing," said he, "we must just hold on as best we can, till some one comes to our help."

I asked him how long we could remain as we were.

"As long as you have strength and presence of mind to hold on."

So far, though startled, we could hardly be said to be frightened, as the captain's words increased our courage. If that was all that was needed we were surely safe for several hours; and of course some one would soon descry us, though in our position—waist-deep in water, with a hammering wave washing clean over us every minute—we could not see if there were any boats near. Signals we could not make, as our hats and every loose, wavy thing had been swept away from us.

While we were yet laughing at our predicament, the captain gave a hoarse, hasty cry. We had been breasting the upturned side of the boat, as we could thus hold on better. Now, as we gave a quick look over our shoulders, we saw the most frightful sight that I shall ever see if I live to be a century old.

The great sails that had been lying out in broad, still whiteness on the surface of the black water were rushing up toward us as if

of their own volition, with ghastly arms outstretched to enfold us in a death-embrace. There was no time to think anything about it—only time to take in the awful impression. We were told afterward that the wind probably had caught under the tops of the sails as they were slightly raised by the action of the waves, and had swiftly pried them up, turning the boat, as the sails whirled over, bottom-side up, and us under it. At the time we could see no cause, and the sudden rush had all the effect of the supernatural.

As the boat turned its somersault, the mainmast slipped out of its socket, and again the big, white sail lay prone upon the water, with its tip pointing in an opposite direction to that in which it had pointed before, and its lower or broadest end just under that of the upturned boat.

With an insane notion of beseeching its mercy, I had caught hold of the boom as it flew over us. I could not very well have done a worse thing, as I was now entirely under water, held there by the weight and spread of the sail.

That morning at the breakfast-table the captain had told us about a boat that had lately capsized in New Haven harbor, and that one lady in it was drowned because she was caught under the sail. Now, I cannot say that I thought of this story, but I *saw* that woman under the sail, and saw how, if she had had hold of the boom, as I now had, she might have saved herself by a hand-over-hand motion—a sort of walking with hands—until she had reached the end of the boom, and could get her head beyond the spread of the sail. The whole time that I was under water may not have been more than one minute, yet there are years that have seemed shorter. Probably I was not far enough gone to see my whole life pass before me in lightning-like review—as they say drowning people do—for I only remember thinking of one or two things that I wished I had not done, imagining the anguish of my mother if I should die, and praying with all my heart that I might live. Besides this I was conscious of struggling with a horrible sense of suffocation in a half-transparent mass of surging green water, that seemed very full of black specks, and rapidly shaded off into opaque dark. I remember, too, the look of scared ferocity in a small fish that darted across within a hand's breadth of my face. This must all have passed before I could get half the distance from the middle of the boom to its end, for during what seemed to me ages after this I was only conscious of a helpless fight for breath.

The boat was a fine one, of the kind called sharpie, much used on the Sound on account of its drawing very little water, and thus being adapted for the frequent shallows and slightly-sunken rocks near the shores. The bottoms of these boats, for two-thirds of their lengths from the bows, are almost if not quite flat, and then slope rapidly up to the stern. On the centre of this boat's bottom, with one hand clinging in the crevice through which the centre-board runs, holding his still placidly solemn-looking baby in his arms, sat the captain. On the bow-end was Mary, balancing herself on her hands and knees as

best she could, her wet curls hanging all about her face, giving her a grotesque resemblance to a much-demoralized water-spaniel. As I rose, before the din of the water was fairly out of my ears, I heard the captain coolly telling Mary that "E—was doubtless drowned—she had been under so long." I could not speak, but at that instant he saw me, and, reaching forward, caught my arm and pulled me upon the sloping end of the boat.

We were still in the utmost danger, yet it was some time before I was conscious of much besides the sense of exhaustion. Finally I dimly noticed Mary taking off her overshoes, and heard her advise me to do the same. Her struggle in the water had not been so prolonged as mine, but she had floated up at the bow, where the boat's bottom must have been two feet out of the water, and had raised herself by main strength, having nothing to grasp but a thin cleat nailed around the edge of the boat's bottom, receiving no help from the captain, who was so situated that he could not reach her, as he did me, without changing his position.

The attitudes we had each involuntarily assumed would have seemed ridiculous enough at any other time, but now the comic was all thrown away upon us. Mary and the captain were clinging desperately to the centre-board crevice, while I—hugging, in a helpless, wretched fashion, the captain's big rubber-boot—flapped limply up and down with every wave that broke over us and retarded, too much benumbed with cold and exhaustion to care that the boat's bottom was not provided with cushions. Even the captain's injunction to be "very careful to preserve the boat's balance as the tide was coming in strongly, and the set of the waves might act as a lever to overturn the boat again, in which case it must fill and sink," roused but a momentary interest. I remember a sort of dim wish that this should not happen, and a more vivid prayer that if it did I should remember to let go my hold of the captain's boot, that I might not drown him and the baby. At the same time I had a feeling, more human than humane, that if I did not remember it would serve him right for caring no more what became of Mary and me.

By-and-by, Mary asked him if he knew where we were.

"Oh, yes," he said; "about ten miles from shore off New Haven Light."

"Can you see any boats?" she asked.

"Not many," he said, "and they're a good ways off. Nobody seems to see us."

"Is it almost night?" she asked, after a while.

"I don't know," he answered; "my watch stopped at two o'clock, and it's so cloudy I can't tell by the sun."

Speaking of the sun vaguely recalled to my half-wandering mind the sunshine in our village-home, and the shadow of our church-steeple on the green; and I wondered passively whether its deep-toned old bell would not soon be tolled for Mary and me, and if any one besides our parents and brothers would feel sorry. But I didn't care much one way or another, it was so cold.

Now under the water, now in a deep hollow, now riding a wave, with all my remaining strength and thought concentrated on maintaining my precarious position, I was not conscious of attending to anything else; yet I can never recall the time without remembering that the water was of an angry, greenish, black color; that the waves marched up to us with a dark, menacing front, and broke over us in a white foam of bluster, as those who threaten long, yet may at any time carry their threats into relentless execution. I remember, too, the thick, sullen dark of the sky, that looked like swift-coming night, and that once a flock of white-winged gulls, with feathers all ruffled by the wind, screamed and circled round us with curious, unafraid glances of speculation.

But overpowering every other thought or sensation, sight, memory, or fear, was the one feeling of intense, horrible cold—the soul-chilling, wet, corpse-like cold, that can only be felt by those exposed to the alternate attacks of cold water and bitter wind.

Mary long moved from side to side to preserve the balance of the boat, as she was the only one of us so situated that such motion was practicable; but after a time she maintained a position just in the centre, as one to whom movement was becoming impossible, but who meant to die at her post. The feeling of entire helplessness was more exhausting to our souls than were the attacks of the elements to our bodies. From the first we had uttered no scream or useless word of complaint, had done all that we could to save our lives, but—"there was the pinch o' t'"—there was no longer anything that we could do. Wave after wave rushed up to us, broke over us, and retired. Blast after blast pierced us with bitter arrows of cold, and we must submit to it all; as incapable of effort or resistance as was the boat's belaying-pin, torn off in the wreck, and now repeatedly tossed upon us by the contemptuous waves, only to be carried back and flung tauntingly at us again and again.

By-and-by, after I had seemed to sleep and wakened hundreds of times, I heard the captain's eager "Thank God! here comes a boat."

I don't know that we laughed at the time—though I believe we did in some ghastly fashion. At any rate we've often laughed since—with grateful tears in our eyes—when we have thought of the guise in which our rescuers presented themselves.

Rowing as fast as their stout arms could ply the oars, came two fishermen, clad in the roughest of clothes, seated in the craziest of little flat-bottomed row-boats. One of them excitedly swung his hat around his head to encourage us, and revealed a thicket of light bushy hair standing up as straight as if each hair was separately wired. Both were shouting like mad to us to "keep up heart," and then, as they came nearer, exhorting us not to all jump into the boat at once, as their boat was small and leaky, and would not hold us all.

Jump! We could as easily have flown, we were so paralyzed with cold.

With rough gentleness they lifted Mary, the baby, and me into their boat and pushed

off, leaving the captain on the overturned boat till they could return.

A schooner passing about a mile from the scene of the wreck now espied us, and signaled that we should be brought there, as it was so much nearer than the shore.

Arrived at the schooner she looked, to our helplessness, like an impregnable fortress. She was in light ballast, and of course very far out of the water. How could we, without ladders or other preparations, scale such a height? The question was answered for us. The men were strong and we were small. They first handed the passive baby up to the schooner-captain, leaning far over the side to reach him; then Mary and I were served the same way; only that, being heavier, the men could not lift us quite so high, and the captain could only grasp us each in turn by one arm and our hanging hair, and drag us over the bulwarks—a mode of embarkation not particularly easy or fashionable, but sufficiently safe, and under the circumstances we "stood not upon the order of our going."

The captain said we must go to the fire, and more dragged than led us to the cook's galley. Here was a good fire, indeed, but on one side of the little box of a place was a sliding window that would not shut, and on the other was a sliding door that would remain open. Through these the wind drove with a spiteful force, and we could get no relief from that terrible, overmastering cold.

Holding little Charlie between us as well as we could, and wrapped in the sailors' oil-skin coats, we shivered until it seemed to us that every pore had a separate ache and quiver of its own; and each breath drew a torture of needles of pain and cold down our spines, in a broad belt round our waists, and through the soles of our feet. Indeed, we now underwent more active suffering than when clinging to the overturned boat. The fire only served to quicken us to a sense of the torture of cold.

And we were so tired! We hardly felt our bruises then, but for weeks after we knew that these had been neither few nor small.

After a while we asked the good captain what time it was.

"It is five now," he said; "it was a little past four when I sighted ye."

"So we were only about two hours on the bottom of that boat," shivered Mary; "it ought to have been years."

"I guess two hours with such a cold wind as this was about long enough," said the captain. "I know I've been none too warm this afternoon here on deck. It's no joke of a gale, this, neither."

Indeed, it seemed not, to judge by the plunges of the laboring schooner and the small amount of sail she spread. Fortunately the vessel was bound for the little harbor near our temporary home, which we reached just at dark, after a cruel half-mile's walk.

By the next morning, with the aid of motherly Mrs. H—'s doses of hot beef-tea, we had become warm again—a fact for which I fear we were even more grateful than for our safety.

This last day of our stay by the beauti-

ful Sound was the first on which we did not ask to be taken out sailing. We said we were too lame and tired; which was true enough, though probably another reason could have been found.

ETHEL C. GALE.

COME BACK.

O LITTLE squirrel, bright-eyed squirrel, do you remember me?

We chased each other in and out 'tween many a gnarled old tree;
You stole my winter store of nuts; I found your hiding-place.

O little squirrel, chipping squirrel, do you know my face?

Away he bounds, with tail upturned, exactly as of old,

And there he stops to stare at me, and now begins to scold;
I see the half-hid hole, his nest, I see the bough hung low,

Where I might climb to squirrel's haunt just as in long ago.

O bright-eyed squirrel, wait a bit, I've something more to say:

You sat upon that very limb one shadowy autumn day;

The leaves rushed round us, beating earth with wings of gold and red,

And odors filled the atmosphere from spicy blossoms dead.

Above the pines with coronets of sun-touched, glowing green,

The cawing of the crows was heard, their lazy wings were seen;

And through the branches autumn clouds went sailing slowly by,

Like white-sailed ships, to westward where the sunset's harbors lie.

A little brook, enlaced with ferns, throbbed up against my feet,

A bed of winter-green, beyond, made fragrant pillow'd seat.

O happy day! O idle day! I was a boy, and bare

That brooded near in wait for me stood awed and powerless there.

Wait, little squirrel, wait a bit, I've one more word to say—

Do you remember who was near that dreamful, blissful day?

Her face was like a sweet wild rose, her mouth a berry red.

I swore you stopped to listen to the passionate words we said.

O foolish man, what thoughts are these! Years never can come back;

The squirrel mocks me as he runs along his mossy track.

The one I knew died years ago, the rose-face paled like snow;

And I alone stand 'mid the trees, a wreck of long ago!

MARIE LE BARON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE *Saturday Review* is of opinion that the taste of the American people may be inferred from the space given in our newspapers to "personal intelligence," especially to that of a scandalous character.

If the literature of the two countries is looked at closely it will be found that our English cousins are far from being less venial in this particular than ourselves. It is true that English journals are more dignified in style and seemly in conduct than the American ones are, but the English public are nevertheless quite as eager for gossip and scandal as any other in the world. Notwithstanding the fact that in our papers scandals and personal gossip are vulgarized by displays of head-lines, and reporters are permitted a great license in the use of epithets, yet we venture to affirm that more systematic and sustained attention is given to unsavory events of the day in English newspapers than in ours. We know of no journals here, with the exception of the police-gazettes, that report so fully all the doings of the criminal courts as many London weekly papers of good reputation do. Of course neither the *Saturday Review* nor the *Spectator* touches this pitch; nor do journals here of a similar character; but we have nothing in America like the *Weekly Times* or *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* (the latter long edited by Douglas Jerrold and afterward by his son Blanchard), which give week after week many columns of their ample pages to carefully particularized reports of every criminal event dragged forth by the police, or otherwise brought into court. These newspapers, moreover, have an immense circulation, much of which is among reputable people; and they are both respectable in appearance; but let any one compare a copy of one of these publications with American journals of similar standing, and he will be surprised to see how very much more attention is given in the English issue to crime in all its various aspects. It was once remarked to us by an observing gentleman that the police-reports in England reveal many more romantic and strange facts than ours do—more vicissitudes, more singular characters, more striking histories. It is certain, in our mind, that the better class of Englishmen read criminal reports more than we do; and, if for the reason that they contain more reliable material, this is only proof that the love of scandal and "personal intelligence" is strong within their breasts.

In England the taste for books of personal reminiscences is very decided, especially for those that reveal the doings and the misdoings of people in high places. Every-

body in the whole kingdom a year ago was devouring the "Greville Memoirs," with their interior view of court-life under the last George, and their revelation of scandals current forty years ago. The literature of England abounds in books of this kind—volumes of which anecdotes, stories of amours, gossip of fashionable circles, revelation of scenes behind the screen of high life, are the prime attraction. We in America have the human relish for all this sort of "personal intelligence," but we doubt if we possess it as keenly as our transatlantic friends do, and for good and sufficient reasons, as we shall proceed to show.

The *Saturday Review* tells us that "the sort of things that are said in a club smoking-room in London are printed and published in New York." There is some truth in this, and mainly because club-life in New York is so narrow and restricted a thing as compared with London that, if gossip is to live at all, it must go into the newspapers. In London the club is socially everything. It dictates opinion; it establishes social laws; it makes and unmakes reputations. Some critics have asserted, it to be more powerful than the press, which does little more than record its judgments. The club is peculiarly the home of gossip, and the source of "personal intelligence." Men and women form the staple of club discussions; and hence, in London, the "taste of the public may be inferred" with entire justice from the domination of this institution. If the newspapers there are in some things a little more reticent than ours, the eager nightly assemblies in Pall Mall more than compensate for this limitation.

Gossip is an outcome of super-refined civilization, and is specially prevalent in communities where there are marked caste divisions. While high culture gives men and women a large range of topics of conversation, an ultra-fashionable society is intensely absorbed in the doings of its members; and the exclusiveness and reticence that come of polite breeding only make every one inquisitive at heart as to all those facts that are reservedly kept out of sight. All the world know how rife gossip and scandal are at courts. All eminently polite circles repeat this passion for personal inquiry and personal criticism; and all of them have a large number of arbitrary and artificial rules of conduct, every violation of which is made the subject of gossip and censure. Caste is also peculiarly favorable to gossip because the secrets of every circle pique the curiosity of all below it. The men most indifferent to the doings of their peers and companions are apt to be all alert to hear of the doings of those within the circles they cannot penetrate. When a piece of scandal leaks out

from the upper ranks, when for any reason the public is enabled to obtain a temporary glimpse of the life behind the sacred veil that separates them from the rest of the world, there is a tremendous buzz and sensation. In England the escapades of a duke supply gossip for half a century, and the movements of a prince put the whole population in expectant wonder. In a country where everybody is watching what everybody else is doing, where every one fears to do or say that which has not met the sanction of the upper classes, where personal force and authority are supreme, where the whole philosophy of life is summed up in Who is he? where the rule is reversed, and Men rather than Principles is the unwritten law—in such a country the American people should not be censured for their love for "personal intelligence." Our newspapers here, it is true, give prominence to personal affairs in a vulgar and an affluent way; and this is much to be deplored; but at bottom there is rather less indulgence in gossip and personalities with us than with our English cousins.

A PROMINENT member of Parliament recently announced in a speech that Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, was engaged to be married. This statement was subsequently contradicted, but in all probability it was premature rather than erroneous. It has been a feature in the queen's policy to marry her daughters early and it is unlikely that she intends the youngest to be an exception to this rule.

In this case Parliament will be of course applied to for a provision for the princess on the same scale as that given to her older sisters, namely, £6,000 a year, which will make the entire sum granted to the royal family, exclusive of the annual grant of £38,500 to the queen herself, £48,000 per annum. This will be the last grant to the present generation, but nine years hence the eldest son of the Prince of Wales will be of age, and an allowance will, in the ordinary course of things, be required for him, even if there has not previously been an application for a further sum for his father; and meanwhile none of the existing pensions, with the exception of that (£6,000) allotted to the Duchess of Cambridge, can be expected to expire.

From this point of view, then, the burdens of the British tax-payer are not likely to see any abatement; but, on the other hand there is a very satisfactory set-off in the fact that under improved management the revenue derived from the vast estates which the crown surrendered to the country for a fixed parliamentary grant has of late augmented to such a degree that it last year nearly covered the whole of this grant, and will doubt-

less in time far exceed it. The same may be said in regard to the revenues of the two royal Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. In 1865 the queen received from the former, as Duchess of Lancaster and heiress of John of Gaunt, £26,000; in 1874, £41,000. The increase has for years continued at the rate of an average of some £3,000 a year. This revenue is entirely independent of that granted by the legislature, and completely at her own disposal. The Duchy of Cornwall revenue has risen from £22,000 in 1824 to £72,000 to-day, and increases at the rate of about £3,000 a year; but it is probable that the increase will ere long take a sudden leap to a much larger sum, by the falling in of leases, and that the income from this source will render a future Prince of Wales independent of a parliamentary grant.

Moreover, there is good reason to suppose that the royal family of England will, like the house of Orleans, be rendered very independent of large grants from the state in time to come by the immense property they will inherit from Queen Victoria, who must be one of the wealthiest persons in the world, quite apart from her state-revenue. Not only does she own the valuable properties of Osborne and Balmoral (the latter more than 25,000 acres), both of which, although not sources of revenue, would sell for immense sums, but her accumulations of money must be prodigious. Like many persons who have been bred under pecuniary difficulties—and the very money which brought her mother back to England to give birth to her was borrowed—her majesty's expenditure has always been exceedingly careful. No establishment in the world has been conducted with more thorough economy than hers, and since the death of the prince consort, and her consequent retirement, an immense saving has been effected in her expenditure. Of her £385,000 a year it was arranged, at the beginning of her reign, that all except £96,000 should be divided between the three great departments of her household. Of the £96,000, £60,000 a year was for her "privy purse," or private expenses, and £36,000 a year for "contingencies." But the retiring manner in which the court has lived of late has reduced the expenditure so much that it may be doubted if this £36,000 a year has been touched—indeed, whether even a great portion of the sums allotted to the Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse, has ever been used. There is, for instance, no need now for half the horses formerly kept, and it is notorious that when more are needed they are hired from livery-stables. But, besides all these sources of revenue, the queen has yet another—very considerable. An eccentric miser, by name Neill, who died in 1852, left her property

amounting to over £500,000. Here is at least £20,000 a year.

It will thus be seen that, while her means have increased, her expenditure has greatly diminished. In the way of charity she doubtless dispenses a good deal, but is by no means profuse, her subscriptions being in this respect singularly in contrast with those of the late queen-dowager. For instance, she only subscribed £100 on the occasion of the dreadful floods in England last year, while the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh gave a like amount. Her presents, moreover, are apt to be very little like what might be expected to come from such a source. But, be it remembered, almost her first act on coming to the throne was to pay her father's debts, and she has never had a debt herself, and now, probably, with prescient eye, she is making a provision which will cause her careful economy to be blessed by her son's subjects. For nothing is more likely to commend royalty to them than the finding it cheap.

SOME satirist has spoken of heraldry as "the science of fools with long memories;" but it is evident that John Ruskin, art-philosopher and prose-poet, does not think so. Before a body so learned as the London Institution, Ruskin has just been delivering a lecture on this subject, for which he claims the dignity of a science. Those who regard coats-of-arms and crests and escutcheons as a cheap device of snobbish conceit, may well put a curb on their severity when such a man as Ruskin devotes time, study, and eloquence to the vindication of these ornaments. The great art-critic finds abundant artistic beauty in the hieroglyphics which symbolize the pride, achievements, social rank, and special virtues of families. Down to the very colors which tint the heraldic shields and escutcheons, Mr. Ruskin finds a glowing imagery which appeals to his fervid fancy. Heraldry has, indeed, far more importance in England than in this country. The College of Heralds, which is the tribunal empowered to grant heraldic insignia to those entitled to them, and to decide questions of descent, is a national institution, presided over by a duke, and comprising kings-of-arms, heralds, pursuivants, and registrars, duly authorized by the state. The laws of England used to deal very sternly with those who assumed coats-of-arms without authority; now the worst that can befall such delinquents is a tax upon the use of heraldic emblems, and ridicule if they are found to have filched or invented them. Heraldry, indeed, is still the outward "guinea-stamp" of the well-born; and, as long as the well-born have distinct and strongly-defined privileges in England, heraldry will

be a matter of importance there. It would seem that, in a republican country like ours, heraldry is not only out of place, but inconsistent; for it is the essence of heraldry to declare symbolically that the man who boasts a coat-of-arms is the superior of him who cannot, and that his birth is a condition of social respect. But here, as we are likely to be reminded many times this year, "all men are created free and equal." Yet a sort of unofficial and freely adopted heraldry has always been fashionable on this side of the water. The Washington coat-of-arms was emblazoned on the famous gilded coach with its cream-colored horses which carried the first President to and fro in Philadelphia; and even plain old Franklin did not disdain similar family decorations. Of course, in these days heraldry in America means nothing at all. Anybody can have a coat-of-arms by paying a clever designer, a seal-engraver, and a coach-painter; those who are so fortunate as to bear the name of Seymour or Stanley may adopt the crests of the ducal Somerset or the Earls of Derby without fear of molestation; and if Smith, whose father was a grocer, and who has made a fortune in petroleum or the Big Bonanza, chooses to mount an escutcheon on his panels and his plate, while changing his spelling to Smythe, he will only have adopted a fashionable and rather graceful style of ornament, which certainly has nothing symbolic in it in his case, and which all the world is at liberty to imitate.

QUITE unwittingly we have given great offense to a gentleman of German birth residing in a Western city, who is angry at us for the publication of Erckmann-Chatrian's sketch entitled "The Story of a Young Baron," which appeared in the JOURNAL of February 26th. This gentleman is enabled magnanimously to understand how "a Frenchman, being ignorant about the domestic affairs of Germany, and having had his vanity sorely wounded by the success of the Germans in the late war, may originate such an infamous and nonsensical story," and he can also realize that "Americans can be found ignorant and vicious enough to translate such trash and libel upon a friendly nation;" but our sin in the affair he cannot condone. It is really unfortunate that this person's blind passion prevented him from enjoying one of the freshest and raciest sketches in recent literature; and, if he will sit down in a quiet mood and think the matter over, he will probably discover that some good reasons existed for its publication in our columns. In the first place it is exceedingly well written, and is eminently readable—a first-rate virtue in a magazine article. It is very far indeed from being

either "trashy" or "nonsensical," those terms simply showing that our censor is wholly without literary perception—or shall we charitably attribute them to his bad temper rather than to his obtuseness? In the second place it exhibits, in a fresh and very ingenious manner, the unconquerable bitterness of the French toward the Germans, and hence is valuable as a reflex of opinion and feeling in France. Thirdly, it is not merely a bitter satire against the Germans, being, more than anything else, a tremendous indictment of feudal or aristocratic training, and is really of remarkable force as a democratic plea against the ideas instilled by manorial rulers into their descendants. If our correspondent will look at the article again, he will detect that it is mainly the spirit of feudalism that is so forcibly arraigned, the nationality of the persons being but a secondary point; although it is certain that the spirit of feudalism is very powerfully intrenched among the German ruling class.

Let us say to our irate correspondent that if he will send us as good a parody of French life we will print it forthwith; but at the same time we must remind him that in conducting the JOURNAL we are not under the obligation of consulting the prejudices or passions of either the Germans or the French. Our readers will bear us witness that we are not accustomed to cater for the various likes or dislikes of any set of people. We print for the general public, not for a class.

Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8, 1876.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

SIR: Under the heading, "The Arts," in your JOURNAL of March 4th, referring to Mr. Page's portrait of the late Admiral Farragut, I find the following:

"... As some of our readers will doubtless remember, this picture represents Farragut in the shrouds of the Hartford, in Mobile Bay, at the time of the siege. The figure is placed, consequently, high in the air, sixty feet or more above the water-line, and the ropes and masts of the vessel are all about him. The famous anecdote of his being lashed to the mast was explained to the artist by the admiral in this wise: Fearing that a chance ball might hit him, and so his body be lost overboard, he picked up a loop of rope that he saw while crossing the deck, and with it tied himself with a loose knot to the mast; and so, with the rope around his waist in the painting, as in point of fact, he hangs in an easy posture to a rope-ladder."

I think that either the reporter of Mr. Page's explanation to APPLETION'S JOURNAL misunderstood Mr. Page, or Mr. Page himself misunderstood Admiral Farragut's narrative to him. The statement, as above reported, in my judgment, does very great injustice (although no doubt unintentionally) to the character and sacred memory of the great, noble, and good admiral. He never thought of himself, or of his personal danger or safety, while in battle. His whole soul was then concentrated in the one sole purpose—that of succeeding in his undertaking—of suc-

ceeding by skillful maneuvering and good management of his forces—of success by cool daring and indomitable courage—success at the least possible sacrifice of life. Admiral Farragut would as soon have thought of getting behind a mast, or a barricade, while his officers and men were openly exposed to the enemy's missiles, as he would have picked up a piece of rope to take with him aloft to lash himself to the rigging to prevent his being knocked overboard in case the rigging (shrouds) were shot away. No thought that was the offspring of fear ever crossed the mind of that fearless, gallant, and incomparable seaman and commander.

As I have already said, in effect, Admiral Farragut, while in action, gave his quiet, unexcited attention to the serious duties of his command, without evincing either great anxiety or indifference, but bore himself under the most terrific fire from the enemy with a coolness and calmness of demeanor that won the admiration of his subordinates; observing closely, and seeing quickly every change, and meeting every requirement of the different situations with as much promptness as on a day of general exercise. Without noise or confusion, his orders in the midst of battle were given only in the pitch of voice necessary to be heard by those addressed.

I will now give, as briefly as I may, what I believe to be a true version of the story which led to the idea that Admiral Farragut "was lashed to the mast" during the action, or a part of it, in Mobile Bay.

At 3 A. M., August 5, 1864, that portion of Admiral Farragut's fleet which had been previously selected to pass Forts Morgan and Gaines, and to attract the Confederate iron-clad Tennessee and gunboats in Mobile Bay, got under way, and proceeded according to orders. As the leading vessels got within range of the guns of the fort, water, and lighthouse batteries, and both sides had opened fire, Admiral Farragut ascended the starboard mizzen-rigging (shrouds) of the Hartford, to about midway between the mizzen-top and the hammock-rail or poop-deck of the vessel. The starboard-side of the vessel faced the enemy's batteries, while the enemy's vessels were nearly ahead, and firing raking shot.

The late Captain Percival Drayton, then in command of the Hartford, and at the same time Admiral Farragut's chief of staff, observing the position of the admiral in the mizzen-rigging, and nearly over his head, and considering the position a very dangerous one, owing to the great liability of the rigging (shrouds) to be cut from under his feet, or above where he was holding on with one hand, very quietly ordered the signal-quartermaster, whose station in battle was near him, to get a piece of small stuff (small line or rope) and to go up and pass it around the admiral's body and some of the shrouds. This duty the quartermaster performed so quietly and gently that the admiral was not at the moment aware of what was being done for his safety. These details were given to me by my late friend Captain Drayton, a few hours after the action in Mobile Bay ended. The gallant and lamented Captain Drayton is not alive to verify his narrative, but it is probable the cool old signal-quartermaster is yet living, and I doubt not, if he be alive, that he will confirm what I have related.

It is well remembered in the navy that in 1862, when Admiral Farragut in the Hartford passed, with a part of his then fleet, the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg, he took about the same position in the mizzen-rigging of the vessel which he subsequently occupied in the action in Mobile Bay on the morning of August 5, 1864, and that during the action a raking shot or shell struck the forward part of the shrouds below the admiral, cutting away all of them but two or three. Had all of the shrouds been cut

away at that time, the admiral would almost certainly have been knocked into the river and drowned, or on board and probably killed by the fall. It was, therefore, very natural that a considerate and careful officer, like Captain Drayton, knowing, as we all knew, the admiral's apparent total obliviousness of his own risks and dangers, should have kept a watchful eye upon the admiral's movements about the vessel while in action.

I have no desire to have any controversy with any one, but I think it due not only to truth, but to the memory of the great hero of our terrible civil war, that no inaccurate statement in regard to him should be allowed to pass unquestioned. I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
THORNTON A. JENKINS,
Rear-Admiral, United States Navy.

Books and Authors.

OF all the criticism and discussion called forth both in this country and in England by that remarkable little book, "The Unseen Universe," Mr. John Fiske's "Unseen World" ¹ is at once the most profound, the most comprehensive, and the most lucid. It is much more, indeed, than a mere review of the work with which it professes to deal. It is an independent examination of the whole subject, following the general lines marked out by Professors Tait and Stewart, the reputed authors of "The Unseen Universe," but applying new standards, and materially enlarging the scope of the inquiry. In fact, Mr. Fiske goes quite beyond his text, and makes what we think will be regarded as a valuable contribution toward the solution of the great question of the time—the attainment of a satisfactory *modus vivendi* between religion and science.

Mr. Fiske's essay is itself so compendious in treatment that it would be impossible in our limited space even to recapitulate its arguments. We must content ourselves, therefore, with saying that it presents with great force what appears to be the fatal objection to the pseudo-spiritual but really physical theory of immortality propounded by the authors of "The Unseen Universe," that it is not only not supported by even the shadow of scientific evidence, but that, in appealing directly to our experiences of the behavior of matter, and deriving so little support from these experiences, "it remains an essentially weak speculation, whatever we may think of its ingenuity." Mr. Fiske regards the old theological assumption of an "Unseen World" entirely spiritual in constitution, and in which material conditions like those of the visible world should have neither place nor meaning, as much more tenable on logical grounds:

"In thus marking off the 'Unseen World' from the objective universe of which we have knowledge, our line of demarcation would at least be drawn in the right place. The distinction between psychical and physical phenomena is a distinction of a different order from all other distinctions known to philosophy, and it immeasurably transcends all others. The progress of modern discovery has in no respect weakened the force of Descartes's remark that, between that of

¹ The Unseen World, and Other Essays. By John Fiske, M. A., LL. B. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

which the differential attribute is Thought and that of which the differential attribute is Extension, there can be no similarity, no community of nature whatever. . . . Modern discovery, so far from bridging over the chasm between Mind and Matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It has, indeed, been rendered highly probable that every act of consciousness is accompanied by a molecular motion in the cells and fibres of the brain; and materialists have found great comfort in this fact, while theologians and persons of little faith have been very much frightened by it. . . . But what has been less commonly remarked is the fact that, when the thought and the molecular movement thus occur simultaneously, in no scientific sense is the thought the product of the molecular movement. The sun-derived energy of motion latent in the food we eat is variously transformed within the organism, until some of it appears as the motion of the molecules of a little globule of nerve-matter in the brain. In a rough way we might thus say that the chemical energy of the food indirectly produces the motion of these little nerve-molecules. But does this motion of nerve-molecules now produce a thought or state of consciousness? By no means. It simply produces some other motion of nerve-molecules, and this in turn produces motion of contraction or expansion in some muscle, or becomes transformed into the chemical energy of some secreting gland. At no point in the whole circuit does a unit of motion disappear as motion to reappear as a unit of consciousness. The physical process is complete in itself, and the thought does not enter into it. All that we can say is that the occurrence of the thought is simultaneous with that part of the physical process which consists of a molecular movement in the brain."

An unseen world consisting of purely psychical or spiritual phenomena would accordingly be demarcated by an absolute gulf from what we call the material universe, but would not necessarily be discontinuous with the psychical phenomena which we find manifested in connection with the world of matter. "The hypothesis of a survival of present psychical phenomena in such a world, after being denuded of material conditions, is not in itself absurd or self-contradictory, though it may be impossible to support it by any arguments drawn from the domain of human experience." From first to last, however, an appeal to human experience gets but one response. We have not the faintest shadow of evidence that mind can exist except in connection with a material body. But our experience is not infinite—"our capacity of conception is not coextensive with the possibilities of existence : "

"It is not only possible, but in the very highest degree probable, that there are many things in heaven, if not on earth, which are undreamed of in our philosophy. Since our ability to conceive anything is limited by the extent of our experience, and since human experience is very far from being infinite, it follows that there may be, and in all probability is, an immense region of existence in every way as real as the region which we know, yet concerning which we cannot form the faintest rudiment of a conception. Any hypothesis relating to such a region of existence is not only not disproved by the total absence of evidence in its favor, but the total failure of evidence does not raise even the slightest *prima facie* presumption against its validity. . . . The entire absence of testimony does not raise a negative presumption except in cases where testimony is accessible."

When conceived in this way, the belief in a future life is without scientific support; but at the same time it is placed beyond the need of scientific support, and beyond the range of scientific criticism. "It is a belief," says Mr. Fiske, "which no imaginable future advance in physical discovery can in any way impugn. It is a belief which is in no sense irrational, and which may be logically entertained without in the least affecting our scientific habit of mind or influencing our scientific conclusions."

Besides the essay on which we have commented at such length, the volume contains a dozen other papers, several of which are of scarcely inferior importance. Most of them are reviews of books; but, as in the case of "The Unseen Universe," Mr. Fiske seldom confines himself closely to his text, and, whatever the subject, has stores of his own with which to illustrate it, while the mere statement of a thought in his perspicuous and translucent language gives it in most cases a new meaning and an added force. The book, indeed, though unpretentious in scope and design, is a credit to American scholarship, and gives promise that Mr. Fiske will illustrate in his own person that breadth and thoroughness of culture the absence of which in the scheme of American life he deplores in the striking and suggestive essay on "Athenian and American Life," which closes the present volume.

If they who are most skillful in making us laugh are most competent to tell us why we laugh, there is a special appropriateness in Mr. S. S. Cox's attempt to answer the Horatian question, *Quid rides?*¹ Few even of our professional humorists have provoked more laughter than Mr. Cox, have contributed more liberally to what Dr. Johnson calls "the world's stock of harmless pleasure;" and, if his philosophy of mirth is deficient in precision, he has at least clustered around it all the illustrative material that any future investigator can need. It is as a collection of such material that his book is chiefly valuable. Like all who have attempted to define wit and humor, Mr. Cox has found himself speedily driven to take refuge from dry and palpably inadequate axioms in practical illustrations, and, when once the illustrations are brought in, what reader (or writer) cares for the philosophy? Hazlitt himself, in spite of the habitual severity of his critical method, found his logic dissipated by the electric shock of the first example which he cited, and thenceforth his lectures do little more than illustrate the wonderful diversity of impulses by which our laughter is set in motion.

So it is with Mr. Cox. He makes some strikingly shrewd and suggestive remarks; he brings together nearly all that has been said about humor from the days of Horace down, and he hedges the subject in with a series of negations, which at least narrow the field of speculation; but, when he attempts to formulate "the rational philosophy of the laugh," he simply produces a set of categories under

¹ Why We Laugh. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

which he finds it convenient to arrange the various phases of expression which humor and wit take on. In short, what makes us laugh Mr. Cox illustrates with great ingenuity and copiousness, but why we laugh still remains one of those problems which, according to *Lord Dundreary*, "no fellow can find out."

After discussing humor in general, Mr. Cox takes up American humor in particular; and here his treatment is very skillful and happy, though it is still by means of illustration that he conducts the argument. "There is," he says, "something about humor unmistakably national;" and then adds, by way of example :

"It is said that no one but an Englishman—nay, no one but Douglas Jerrold—could have made his wit, any more than any one else but Hood could have made Hood's puns. 'It is better to be witty and wise than witty and otherwise,' is a witticism of the Anglo-Jerrold type; while no one but Hood could have fancied the Mrs. F——, who was so very deaf that she might have worn a percussion-cap, and been knocked on the head, without hearing it snap; and whose ear-trumpet was so wonderful that she heard from her husband at Botany Bay! It was a pleasing exaggeration of Charles Lamb to pity that solemn English ancestry who lived before candles were common, and who, when a joke was cracked in the dark, had to feel around for a smile. Could any one but an American make Shakespeare a 'boss poet?' or add to Thackeray's remark about the baby-size of an oyster—that he had eaten one so large that it took three men to swallow it whole? The national pater-nity of these bits of fun is as clearly traceable as a bull would be to Ireland. 'Where,' exclaimed a Hibernian, 'will you find a modern building which has lasted as long as the ancient ones?'

As to American humor, its main characteristics are exaggeration and extravagance; but, while it maintains its national flavor, it is more cosmopolitan than any other, and, in their willingness to be amused, Americans are the most docile of mankind.

"The general sources of our humor are those from which all people draw. . . . Let us reproduce a few. The balking of our hopes in trifling matters makes us smile. An unlooked-for accident that is absurd, as when a dandy slips up on an icy pavement, makes us laugh. We laugh at that which is against custom, as at a man in a bonnet. We laugh at the weaknesses of others, as at a politician who brags much and polls a small vote. We laugh at amateur farmers who fail. We laugh at incongruities, as when we see a little man walking arm-in-arm with a giant; we laugh more if the little man marches with a big bass-drum and the big man with a baby-drum. We laugh at a little man on tiptoes, thrumming a bass-viol. We laugh at insignificant distress, as at a lady who loses her lap-dog. We laugh at extravagant pretension which suddenly collapses, as at an orator who soars to a lofty climax and breaks down. We laugh at cool impudence, for the ready and courageous invention pleases. We laugh when it is foiled, as at a lawyer in court who gets a saucy cut from a female witness. We laugh at a sudden or stealthy surprise, as at the large stranger who kicked an ornamental dog on the steps of a brown-stone house, merely to see if it was 'holler.' He is said to be at his aunt's, ill, but he is not over his surprise. Young ladies laugh at young men—and that's queer: they cannot tell why; but oftentimes the more they like them,

the more they laugh at and smile on them. We laugh when we see some men in a clean collar and new coat. We laugh at the meeting of extremes, as at two well-bred fellows who, being pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whisky, got into the gutter, and, after floundering for some time, one of them proudly said, 'Let's go to another hotel; this hotel leaks.' . . . We laugh at the utter simplicity of some men, and the more so if the laugh is caused by a sudden illustration of it, or by a sudden jerk of the mind to an absurd extreme, as the other day when an editor, describing the gifted Dr. Holland, said that he would loan money to a man on the collateral notes of an accordion."

Of all these and many more provocatives of laughter Mr. Cox gives abundant examples, drawn from newspapers and magazines, the works of our popular humorists, and the records of legislative bodies, the latter being the mine which he has "prospected" most assiduously. Few of these examples are hackneyed, and all appear fresh as here narrated, for Mr. Cox has rare skill as a *raconteur*, and always clusters his anecdotes, jokes, retorts, epigrams, and quiddities, in such a way that they emphasize and illustrate each other. Besides this, his wide acquaintance with the men whose sayings he records, and his habit of linking them with other personal reminiscences, give his book a value which it could never have as a mere collection of jocularities, and entitle it to rank rather among the *memorabilia* of American statesmen and politicians. No such graphic picture of Congress—its tone and temper, habits, methods, and personality—has ever before been painted.

The most notable defect of "Why We Laugh" arises from the fact that the author was unable to quote himself. If ever the revision of the book is confided to other hands, the materials for a highly enjoyable chapter may be obtained by overhauling Mr. Cox's congressional record. As the usual index to the proceedings of Congress will afford little help in such a matter, we may suggest now for the benefit of the possible editor that, wherever during the last twenty years he sees ["laughter"] bracketed freely into the text, he may be reasonably sure of finding Mr. Cox fulfilling Mr. Hale's injunction to "lend a hand."

It does not seem to us that Mr. David A. Wells has really simplified the principles underlying the important subjects of money and currency by treating them in an allegorical way; but the happy title of his "Robinson Crusoe's Money" (New York: Harper & Brothers) will attract many readers who would never even attempt the ordinary treatises on the "dismal science," and, having once begun it, the genuine interest of the narrative and the skill of the exposition will easily carry them through to the end. The danger inherent in this sort of treatment, lest it be regarded as a fictitious set of incidents arbitrarily fitted to a supposititious case, is obviated by the closeness with which Mr. Wells adheres to facts which can be verified by foot-notes and proved by quotation. The veil of allegory is extremely thin, and the reader speedily discovers that, if the boundaries of Robinson Crusoe's island were traced out on the map, they would be found

to coincide exactly with those of the United States. He also discovers that it would not only be easy to assign "The Friends of Humanity" and the advocates of "Ideal Money" a local habitation and a name, but that those names would be decidedly familiar to our ears, and a good many of the habitations in the vicinity of Washington, D. C. In short, "Robinson Crusoe's Money" is a vigorous synopsis of the history of American currency, with lessons drawn from the experience of other countries, and a moral pointed directly at our existing financial difficulties.

The narrative is appreciably colored, of course, and the cauterity of satire is applied with a willing hand; but there is only one point in which Mr. Wells's method seems to us open to serious objection. In his anxiety to convince his readers that "hard money" is the only cure for our present monetary evils, he substantially affirms that contraction would have no effect whatever on business, thereby ignoring the fact that all currency is a convention, and, *ex necessitate*, depends largely upon the attitude of the public mind with regard to it. Mr. Bagehot declares panics to be a "moral state" rather than a financial condition; and no competent judge doubts that a large part of the present stagnation of business is due to the fears and apprehensions of the people concerning this very matter of contraction or expansion, and its effect upon the money-market. Contraction will have a depressing effect partly because it will emphasize and accelerate an apparent declension of values, and partly because the public *believe* that this decline is real, and that it depends upon the amount of currency in circulation, thus losing that confidence upon which the prosperity of any business conducted chiefly on the credit system (as it is in all civilized country) depends. We think it a mistake to obscure or ignore this fact, and that it is better to educate the public up to a resolution to endure the inevitable but temporary suffering in order to secure the advantages which will more than compensate for it, and which will be permanent.

The volume is illustrated by Mr. Thomas Nast, and his drawings fairly divide the honors with the text.

THE third volume of Colonel Higginson's series of "Brief Biographies" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) is devoted to "French Political Leaders," and is of the same general character as the preceding volumes, though the workmanship is somewhat better, and there is more freshness in the contents. It is written by Mr. Edward King, whose long residence in Paris and familiarity with current French history have given him special advantages for such work; and comprises sketches of Victor Hugo, Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Simon, M. Grévy, Marshal MacMahon, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Eugène Rouher, the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris, Favre, Rochefort, and a dozen others whose names have been prominent in the political agitations of the last ten years in France. The sketches are not especially graphic in delineation or brilliant in style; but they are carefully and temperately writ-

ten, show considerable research as well as personal observation, are trustworthy, and convey some idea of the personality and character of their subjects as well as the main facts of their lives. No one, probably, would go through the book for the mere pleasure of reading it; but the sketches, taken in conjunction with the lucid exposition of the constituents and relations of the different parties of the Assembly with which Mr. King introduces them, will prove very helpful to the understanding of current and future French politics.

THE anonymous author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" has given us, in "Miss Hitchcock's Wedding-Dress" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), a sprightly, piquant, and graceful little story, as unreal as a fairy-tale, and nearly as charming, the quaintest combination of a shrewd and almost cynical worldly wisdom with the most exaggerated type of schoolgirl romanticism. The author is surely a young lady—an extremely young lady, we should say—and the very *naïveté* of offering us *Miranda* and her story as a transcript from real life disarms us precisely as the innocent faith of a child in confiding a doll to our protection rebukes and puts to shame our unimaginative skepticism. We accept "Miss Hitchcock's Wedding-Dress;" and, though we have no desire to wear it ourselves, we hope to see a state of society in which such dresses will lead to such results.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS publish a new edition, revised and enlarged, of "Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the General Epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude," by Albert Barnes, whose commentaries have long been recognized as among the most valuable of American contributions to Biblical exegesis.—The same publishers send us "German Principia, Part I.," being "A First German Course, containing Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise-Book, with Vocabularies;" and "French Principia, Part II., a First French Reading-Book, with Grammatical Questions and Notes, and a Copious Etymological Dictionary." Both these text-books are prepared on the plan of Dr. William Smith's well-known "Principia Latina."

REVIEWING "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel" (soon to be republished here), the London *Examiner* says: "The history of the elder Herschel's celebrated sister, exceedingly unlike that of most other women in its external circumstances, is in substance that of multitudes of her sex. The world abounds with women upon whom the drudge's part has been imposed as a matter of course, who have no other conception of that task of life than as the persistent devotion of every effort to the service of others. Not once in a hundred thousand times is this servitude linked with some pursuit involving the need of self-culture, and bringing with it the chance of intellectual distinction and an abiding name. Miss Herschel exemplified both these phases of self-sacrifice. During the entire active part of her long life her part was that of a submissive toiler for others; but during her first period she slaved for her family, during the second for her brother, and, through him, for science. Each task was performed in precisely the same

spirit. Caroline Herschel, 'sweeping' the skies, not for cobwebs, but for comets, was the same Caroline who in former days had been 'fully employed in providing my brothers with stockings.' We can discover no proof of any especial call to astronomy, either in the shape of enthusiasm for the sublimity of the science, or of that passion for research which frequently supplies its place. The impulse toward the telescope was the same as the previous impulse toward the knitting-needle—the sentiment of domestic duty."

A DRAMATIC version of an episode in Dickens's "Bleak House," entitled "Jo," has been presented at one of the London theatres. Says the *Athenaeum*: "If 'Jo' survives a charge of being too gloomy, to which it must be pronounced open, since there is not an act without a death, natural or violent, and the whole interest seems to spring and end in a burial-ground, it may claim a favorable verdict. It traces to its end the career of 'Jo,' the typical street vagabond, in whose favor Dickens sought to enlist English sympathies. Its sad lesson needs, indeed, to be taken to heart. In a sense this story of 'Jo's' sufferings is an idyl of our streets."

A WRITER in the *Irish Law Times*, in noticing the death of Mr. J. Lenthal Swift, has called attention again to a story told by the deceased, which, if correct, would go far to support Sir Walter Scott's view of Dean Swift's relations with Stella, and upset Mr. Forster's. Mr. Swift used to say that he, when a child, was present when his father was told by a bishop that he (the bishop) had married the dean and Stella.

It is stated that Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Irving have recently had frequent consultations as to alterations necessary in the drama of "Queen Mary," in order to adapt it to the stage. Most of Cranmer's speeches have been, it is stated, considerably curtailed, and some of them will probably be omitted altogether.

It is said there is a probability that Sir Archibald Alison's autobiography will shortly be published, and that it contains keen and discriminating criticisms on many of the historian's literary and political contemporaries.

THE SMALLEST complete prayer-book ever published has just been issued in England. It weighs just an ounce, and is singularly neat in appearance.

The Arts.

GOUPIL'S Gallery has been remarkably attractive all winter from the celebrated names on interesting pictures which have been displayed to the public. But now, toward the end of the season, the collection has been enriched and renewed so as to make it unusually important. The most prominent work in it is the "Antony and Cleopatra," by Picou. The New York public has become familiar, through Gérôme's historical paintings, with the elegant, elaborate, and carefully-detailed manner in which contemporary French artists deal with the events of past times. These works show the strong points of those artists who bring to the painting of their models, posed like statuary, all the accessories of costume and surroundings that the scientific and positive tendencies of the French have enabled them to discover. The former French artists of this century, Vernet, David, and their school, with a like fancy for the historical in paint-

ing, rendered it with so much that was theatrical and sensational that they lost from their works much of the impression of high art. Their successors, realizing the danger of failure if they represented their people in violent action, have adopted the contrary condition of painting them in moments of tranquillity, which affords the painter the opportunity to display all his feeling for the elegantly statuary, and to place in graceful and dignified groups the models he finds already posed for him in Italy or in Paris.

Perhaps no quality of the Italians strikes a stranger more forcibly than the sight of their grave and unconscious faces, entirely without the nervous restlessness that distinguishes our own. Sitting in the doorways or lingering beside the fountains, the common men and women everywhere in Italy stand or recline, with their arms crossed or their heads thrown back or down, without moving a muscle or changing the position of a limb. Our colored race in the South have somewhat the same peculiarity, which, though it is partly the result of laziness, seems also to arise from temperament, and from not desiring to change either their face or their bodily expression unless there be positive reason for so doing.

This quiet, which is the overmastering expression of the great statues, and seems the normal condition of the Italians, has peculiarly agreeable effect as a feature of a picture. Gérôme's gladiator stands posed in a "tableau" with his enemy just fallen, and calmly awaits the decision of the emperor to resume the next scene of the gladiatorial show. The charm of Alma-Tadema's pictures largely consists in the beautiful positions of repose into which he groups his statue-like men and women; and in this painting by Picou it is the same serene composure which gives dignity to the painting and saves it from becoming the painful scene of wild revelry—the aesthetic ruin of many luxurious scenes of like character. A beautiful, quiet, and stately "tableau"—no emotion is depicted more violent than that excited by the blue of the summer heaven above, or the green rippling waves cut by the prow of the softly-gliding barge.

But this picture is no more than Gérôme's an emotional one, and it is from the intellectual standpoint of the strictly classical that the artist has portrayed it. In looking at Alma-Tadema's works, on the other hand, the beholder seems to sink into a quiet dream, and to glide forever with "the mild-eyed, melancholy lotos-eaters," or to become one of an enchanted band, such as Keats has immortalized forever in his "Grecian Urn": "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Picou is of the same school as Gérôme, and, in fact, they were both pupils of Delaroche. The canvas of the "Antony and Cleopatra," which is a very large one, is nearly occupied by Cleopatra's pleasure-boat, which is filled by men and women. Near the stern, and shielded from the sun by screens and by feather-fans, Antony in his Roman toga and his laurel-wreath, and Cleopatra beside him, clothed only by the light and shadow, repose upon cushions

raised high upon the deck. At their feet little naked children enact the part of Cupids, while grouped upon the deck of the vessel musicians, priests, and attendants, stand or sit with their dark, melancholy faces, pale against the rosy flame of an immense lateen-sail which covers the prow of the boat. The vessel is rowed by stalwart black Nubians, and Egyptians in panther-skins. Long-robed harpers and incense-bearing maidens make up the picture. A Greek poet leans against a mast meditating his verses, and the whole long procession of figures resembles, in its stately grace, the line of a Greek frieze divided in its action and its interest by the different occupations which yet bind all together as a whole.

As a piece of color the picture is a little hard and dry. The edges of the figures and of the vessel are drawn almost with the cleanliness of a silhouette against the sky, and, though the drawing and modeling of the faces and the hands of the men and women are firm and detailed, there is little "tone" to them as a whole. The picture has been engraved, and, leaving aside the added pleasure which any color gives that is not positively harsh, its classic elegance would bear translating into black and white almost as well as any picture with which we are acquainted.

We must protest, however, against the nudity of Cleopatra, the "Divine Nudity," as Goupil's circular absurdly calls it. She is supposed to have represented the Egyptian goddess Isis, but neither by the Egyptians nor by the Greeks or Romans was that goddess ever presented in art except with full clothing. That part of Asia Minor where the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra took place was inhabited by a population who, as we learn from Herodotus, were peculiarly sensitive about the modesty of woman, and who would have been as much shocked at such an exposure on the part of Cleopatra as the Londoners would be if Queen Victoria were to ride through their streets in the legendary costume of Lady Godiva of Coventry. The nudity of Cleopatra, therefore, is wholly unwarranted by anything in history or poetry, or in the manners of the times.

BESIDES this picture by Picou is a very charming life-size figure of "Mary at the Sepulchre," by Cabanel. Many of our readers doubtless saw the "Marguerite" by the same artist at Schaus's, and will recall its tender and poetical beauty. The "Mary" has a stronger and more positively marked face than this one, and the expression is of a wilder and more passionate sorrow. Her yellow hair, which has fallen upon the empty tomb in which had lain the body of the Lord, lies in great masses and coils behind her head, which is thrown back in strange grief. Eminently among the French artists, Cabanel is distinguished for the love he shows for depicting deep human emotions. The flesh of his pictures is beautiful, and tender lips, and pale, thin eyelids or temples, and fine hands, are rendered with great technical skill and freedom; but dominating these artistic points of excellence is the interest he and the beholder take alike in seeing just what sort of persons they are which his

brush portrays. There is a remarkable impression of vitality and warmth in the flesh of blue-veined throat or wrists, and the action of head and figure is easy and life-like. Though they indicate oftentimes passionate emotion, no suggestion of the theatrical ever mars one of Cabanel's men or women by a strained attitude or an over-prominent muscle; it is a live, an imaginative, or a sensitive man or woman who suffers or who is buried in meditation; and for these really intellectual qualities in his pictures, which are not merely lay-figures to show technical skill, Cabanel deserves to rank among the very highest of the French artists.

In the collection are two quite large vases of Schreyer; one is named "The Attack," and represents a group of Arabs dashing through a thicket of undergrowth, armed with cutlasses and spears, and mounted on chargers, who plunge, and snort, and rear. The foremost Arab has a beautiful white horse, which is charging forward at the best of his master, whose wrinkled face, drawn down into a scowl, is as fixed in its purpose as the horse beneath him, strained, and with his hide dinted by the strong tendons beneath it, and flecked with sweat. Another horse is struggling to disentangle himself from the mire into which his forelegs have got entangled.

The costumes of the men and the caparisons of the horses have all the richness and splendor of Oriental fabrics, and, whether the sunlight plays on a jeweled dagger-hilt, or glances upon a cashmere robe, each color is rich, and every tone glows. A mass of motion, the group of horses and their riders start on as fierce and as irresistible as the wind. The other painting by this master is less striking as a piece of color and action, but an examination of its motive and its details reveals a subject even more interesting than the first. Here a cavalcade of mounted horses and of pack-horses appear coming through a thick and blinding snow-storm. The wind bends the stalks of tall weeds in the foreground, and has blown into little eddies of white the snow that had fallen upon a brook, smooth and frozen, in the front of the picture. One horse stoops his nose, out of which his breath is steaming into the cold air, and is sniffing the glazed surface he is compelled to cross. Another has slipped and stumbled across it, as is shown not only by his retreating form, but by the scratches of his iron hoofs printed upon the ice. Schreyer's pictures are always most interesting, but we have seldom had the opportunity to see two together, and never where the contrast is more forcible and agreeable than in this pair.

The catalogue of Goupil's Gallery numbers now more than sixty well-known names, among which are Merle, Achenbach, Escoufia, Blaisrae, Desgoffe, Detaille, Leloir, and Lambinet. Many of the paintings here, by these artists, are from the Paris Salon. There are two Lambinets, which are exceedingly fine specimens by that artist; landscapes of great beauty, they contrast in their silvery tones with a large and fine Ziem that

hangs beside them. The latter picture, the "Sweet Waters of Constantinople," is of a deep-blue sea and a misty sky and distance. Through the haze appear vague domes and minarets, that are more attractive to the imagination for the obscurity that affects to conceal them. A band of pilgrims, a caravan of camels and of men in Oriental costume, skirt the shore, and by their mingling of brightness and obscurity connect the beholder with the indistinct recesses of the painting.

WE have frequently referred in these pages to the beautiful "still-life" pictures of Desgoffe. Most people nowadays go to Europe, and all cultivated persons desire to see for themselves the treasures of art and the historical mementoes, whether architectural or otherwise, which connect our unique and untrodden civilization with all that is old and remote of past times. Among these relics no class of objects are a better indication of the conditions of other civilizations than the utensils and ornaments used by past generations. Visitors to the Louvre, the Tower of London, and other repositories of these articles of curiosity, can the more easily picture to themselves the times of Louis Quatorze, the Edwards, and the scenes of Scott's novels, when they see the very halberds of the Black Prince, the armor worn by English kings and notorious princes in conspicuous battles, and the mirror, the powder-box, or the perfume-case of a Pompadour, or of Anne of Austria. Desgoffe is so consummate a painter of "still-life" subjects that when stepping into Goupil's Gallery we see in the recesses of a dark canvas the shell jewel-case, the cameo-studded vase and the escritoire or toilet-stand, copied so artistically, so charmingly, and so truly from the genuine articles belonging to Marie Antoinette, or some other well-known prince or princess, deposited in the Louvre, we feel that these representative articles, brought near to us by the best art, give us more truly than most translations the very spirit and essence of the life they embody. There is a great charm nowadays in possessing the most beautiful or the most choice specimens of china or of glass. In these times of concentration and of hurry, it is desirable to unite as much thought and as many suggestions in the least space as is possible. Instead of covering one's sideboard or *etagère* with this bit of enamel from India, China, or Japan, and that article of nameless porcelain — Wedgwood, Worcester, or Capo di Monte — it may be better to place such a picture as this of Desgoffe's in one's boudoir, where the owner could dream at leisure over the mood that made Francis I. choose a pearl vase for one of the ladies of his court, or fancy the features of Marie Antoinette reflected in her little silver-mounted hand-glass, whose image is here so beautifully painted. Not everybody has patience to examine bit by bit Henri-Deux salt-cellars or even Benvenuto Cellini's ornaments at first hand, but, when these chosen objects are brought to his sight by a favorite painter in an exquisite garb, they gain an importance far above any they derive from their combination of tints or charm of form.

From Abroad.

PARIS, February 29, 1876.

THE Academy is now one of the leading topics of the day. It is shortly to hold an important reception, that of M. John Lemoinne, and there are two vacant *fauteuils* to be voted for, that of the lamented M. Patin and that of the Comte de Carné. The word *fauteuil*, of course, is a mere figure of speech, as the forty immortals have nothing better to sit upon than rows of benches, which to my observant eye appeared to be very badly upholstered. It is generally understood that M. de Bornier is certain of being chosen to fill the last-named vacancy, while for the seat of M. Patin there are half a dozen candidates, including MM. Paul Féval, Victorien Sardou, and François Coppée. But it is reported that M. Gaston Boissier (who is not the great confectioner, but a professor of something somewhere) will probably be the successful candidate. M. Camille Doucet is named as the probable successor of M. Patin in the secretaryship of the Academy.

Among the recent visitors to Paris during these last few days has been Mr. Harry Fenn, the well-known artist, laden with Italian treasures for "Picturesque Europe." I had the pleasure of inspecting a number of his water-color sketches, and was struck with the ability with which the artist had contrived not only to seize the characteristic features of scenery and of architecture, but also to lend to scenes hackneyed by dint of reproduction an entirely fresh and novel aspect by dint of originality in treatment. Thus, for instance, from so well known a subject as the Rialto, he has contrived to make a striking picture, forcibly treated and taken from an entirely new point of view. I have seldom passed an hour of keener art-enjoyment than I passed in the contemplation of these fine sketches—fragments of beauty snatched from out-of-the-way nooks in quaint Italian cities, or from beneath Sicilian skies; antique Venetian houses, from whose windows *Jessica* might have smiled upon *Lorenzo*; strange bits of half-Oriental architecture discovered in the dingy streets of small Italian towns; wonderful points of view, warm with sunshine, or mystic beneath the dusky blue of twilight skies. Here is a queen Italian village, running up-hill like a snake; then comes a cathedral-interior, grand, sombre, and solemn; next a bit of warm-hued architecture from Siena, or a weird Dorésque landscape, with way-side crosses, rising black against a sunset sky. These vivid jottings of artist-interpretation had a charm that more studied and finished productions often lack. Alma-Tadema is, I am told, a warm admirer of Mr. Fenn's talent. And, à propos of Alma-Tadema, I hear that he is now at work on a great picture, which will probably be exhibited at the coming Salon. It represents a band of Christian prisoners being led guarded through the streets of Rome to the Colosseum. The populace jeer and scoff at them as they pass, especially the tipplers who are sitting in front of a wine-shop, and who look up from their cups to join in the mockery and the merriment. The details of the costumes, accessories, etc., are of the most painstaking accuracy. The artist has even taken the trouble to descend into the Catacombs, and to photograph, by means of a powerful lime-light, every sketch, outline, or scrap of representation of the primitive Christians that he could discover.

The third and last ball at the Elysée took place last week. It was more crowded and more brilliant than were its predecessors, notwithstanding the damp cast on official spirits by the result of the late elections. The dressing was notably

more elegant, owing, it is said, to a remark made by Madame de MacMahon at one of the previous balls. "When a lady is invited to dance, sup, and show herself off at the expense of the nation," quoth she, "the least she can do is to help on trade by getting a new dress to come in." This speech having spread abroad, the lady-guests of Madame la Présidente took the hint and got up fresh toilets for the occasion. The hint was certainly not unnecessary. All the ugly old dowagers in Paris had flourished in soiled brocades and rusty velvets at the preceding balls, and thought that they had done their duty when they had stuck a mass of diamonds into their corsages or their dyed locks. The fact is, that it is not thought the thing in aristocratic circles here to make much account of the entertainments of a republican administration. The princes and princesses of the house of Orleans come early, occupy a room set apart for them, and usually stay about an hour. As to Madame de MacMahon herself, she always wears very handsome toilets, of the palest possible hues, and of the most juvenile of materials and make—white tulle over white silk, pale-blue crape over blue satin, etc.

The complimentary benefit tendered to Rossi by the American colony in Paris took place last Saturday night. The house was crowded, the audience very enthusiastic, and the hero of the night received some beautiful floral tributes, especially a splendid wreath of roses and japonicas tied with ribbons of the tricolors of Italy and the United States—namely, red, white, and green, and red, white, and blue. This was an offering from a little group of the most ardent of his American admirers. The programme comprised three acts of "Hamlet," a miscellaneous concert, and one act (the last) of the "Ruy Blas" of Victor Hugo. In this last Rossi was extremely fine. His make-up was admirable, the pale, handsome countenance of the lackey-lover of a queen being strikingly and characteristically Spanish. His acting was electrical, particularly at the moment when *Ruy Blas* throws off his robe and displays his livery with the cry,

"My name is *Ruy Blas*—I am a lackey!"
that when he seizes the sword of *Don Salluste*, and then when he turns upon him with the taunt,

"We are, methinks, a despicable pair;
Mine is the lackey's garb, but yours his soul."

This he delivered with such force and fire as literally to bring down the house. Then the headlong rush wherewith he forced *Don Salluste* out of the room to slay him was superb, and his return to die, drooping and broken-hearted, at the feet of the queen, was exquisitely pathetic. I realized then how far superior, even as an acting play, the original of "Ruy Blas" is to the garbled version by Tom Taylor which is given on our stage, wherein *Ruy Blas* pitches *Don Salluste*, in melodramatic fashion, out of the window, and dies of his wounds, not by poison, omitting also that sad and tender *finale* wherein the queen calls upon her dying lover by his lackey-name of *Ruy Blas*, and he expires with the one word of "Thanks!" upon his lips. How touching sounded that low-breathed, fervent "Grazie!" the other night! Surely Booth, at least, with his poetic taste and refined talent, might have imagined that Victor Hugo knew as much about stage-effect as did Tom Taylor, who has thoroughly vulgarized and spoiled all the poetic beauty of "Ruy Blas," and has turned that terrible and sinister tragedy, "Le Roi s'amuse," into a commonplace melodrama.

A second hearing of "L'Etrangère" confirmed me in my first opinion respecting it. As a drama, that is to say, considered as a whole, it is naught and naughty as well. As a string of brilliant scenes, strong dramatic situations, and

telling speeches, it is undeniably a success. But it is immoral to the very core, and what is amazing is the very evident idea of the writer that he had concocted a singularly moral work. His ideal of virtue, *Madame de Septmonts*, is, however, several degrees more immoral than his *Etrangère*, who is intended as the personification of vice. A married woman who coolly throws herself at the head of her lover, and who is only saved from perdition by the fact that the man is purer and better than she, is not exactly the model one would propose to one's young daughters. And the way that the different characters in the piece aid and abet and sympathize with the passion of the *Duchess* for *Gerard* forms the most cold-blooded and cynical picture of immorality that I have yet seen presented upon the Parisian boards. Some of the scenes are very fine, especially that where the heart-broken old father implores on his knees the pardon of his child for having made her misery by wedding her to the *Duke de Septmonts*, and that wherein *Clarkson* defies the *Duke* to mortal combat. This *Clarkson* is really one of the best and most original characters in the piece. Though of the exaggerated type which the stage presentations of any particular nationality are apt to assume, he is a fairly well-conceived and well-executed portrait of the strong-armed, strong-brained Westerner, warm-hearted, clear-headed, and unconventional. And *Febvre* plays the part most admirably. Now be it noted that *Febvre* is one of the typical fine gentlemen of the *Comédie Française*, a *grand seigneur* every inch of him in parts where high-breding and refinement are required; and the way in which he assumed the personality of the unconventional *Clarkson* was a marvel to witness. Where or when or from what model he had studied his Americanism was hard to decide, but there he was, an American from head to foot, not only in dress, and coiffure, and in general make-up, but in manner, gesture, and bearing. The little details of dress, the laced boots, the felt hat, the dark-gray suit, the beard covering the chin only, had all been carefully studied and reproduced. And then the way *Clarkson* walked, sat down, put his hands in his pockets, shook hands, or put on his hat, was thoroughly characteristic. And what a good fellow he is, this same *Clarkson*! How his strong, noble manhood, like a breath of free, fresh air sweeping through the perfumed, vivified, gas-heated atmosphere of a ballroom, comes to refresh the moral sense of the spectator in the midst of those scenes of elegant vice and sentimental immorality! Unconsciously, perhaps, Alexandre Dumas has paid our countrymen the greatest of all possible compliments in this creation.

I must again advert to the toilets of the female characters in order to make more special mention of the dress worn by Sarah Bernhardt (*L'Etrangère*) in the first act. Evidently its strange and weird character, its effects of pale gold-yellow satin, relieved with dead black, and the wild, peculiar style of the *crêpe* coiffure of the actress, had been suggested by that most weird and singular of paintings—the "Salomé" of Henri Regnault. The actress herself looked like some quaint and wondrous picture, her lithe, slender, serpentine form enveloped in long draperies of pale-yellow satin, with one tapering black feather standing erect in her hair, with a yellow one coiled around its base. Around her great, luminous eyes a dark line had been drawn, which made them look like azure flames. As to *Croisette*, whose acting as the *Duchess* throughout the piece is beyond all praise, she looks lovely enough in her new and gorgeous toilets to lure St. Simeon Stylites from off his column. The newly-introduced, or rather revived, style of the Princesse cut for dresses shows off to perfection her faultless figure. This new mode is pitiless

to those who are either too fat or too thin, but a flesh-and-blood Venus so attired is simply divine.

I witnessed the other evening a remarkable exemplification of the manner in which a French audience behave to a performer who displeases them. I was present at a benefit-performance of which a concert formed part. Among the artists who had volunteered on the occasion was a young American lady, who for some years past has been studying singing in Paris. From a combination of reasons she failed to do herself justice on the occasion. She had a bad cold, the *aria* she had selected did not suit her voice, and she was, moreover, frightened to death. But her services had been a gratuitous offering, she was a woman, and she did her best. Those three facts would have won for her from any audience in the United States a patient and respectful hearing and due indulgence for all shortcomings. But, before she was half-way through her song, a stir and murmur of discontent, accompanied by coughing, derisive laughter, etc., were distinctly audible all through the house, and even a few hisses were heard here and there, when the notes of the singer, veiled by indisposition, failed of their proper development. How she could stand there and bring her song to an end in the face of that cruel, jeering crowd, it was hard to imagine, but she did it, and retired followed by the applause of her American friends, which the scoffs and hisses could not wholly overcome. "This be your boasted French politeness!" I felt ready to exclaim as the curtain fell.

Paris is very full of song-birds just now, who are pausing here *en route* for the opera-houses of London for the coming season. Miss Abbott, whose Italian experience has been decidedly a varied one, is on her way to join the troupe of Mr. Mapleson. Mrs. Knox (Miss Florence Rice) has broken off her negotiations with the *Grand Opéra*, and will either join the troupe of the *Lyrique* or depart for London to embrace an Italian operatic career. Signor del Fantis (Harry Stanfield) has been filling the leading tenor rôle at the Italian Opera at Malta with much success.

"Les Danicheff" has been definitely purchased for America by Messrs. Michaelis and French. Emile Augier has given up his "Madame Calverlet" to the Philistines. It has just been published by Michel Lévy & Co.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ROME, February 7, 1876.

It is a rare occurrence for a dramatic writer to have such a double exulting triumph as that which Pietro Cossa now enjoys, both in Paris and at Rome. Rossi elects the artistic Parisian public with the irresistible magnetism of his unmatched dramatic genius in the representation of the "Nero" of Cossa, while the whole of Rome, from the king to the last *garçon* of the *café*, crowds into the *Valle* to see the "Messalina," also by Cossa, and opinion remains undivided about the merits of these two tragedies. They both are a marked success. In his "Nero" Cossa has vigorously created a living incarnation of the most terrible passions fatally pushed to their height of destructive madness by awful, unknown powers. The fourth act of "Nero" is a tremendous piece of effect. You can't imagine the situation more strongly rendered.

The emperor, the master of the world, the man-god, whose cold, cruel desire for possession plays with the lives of men as unconcernedly as the wind plays with the straws it scatters into space, *Nero*, is left alone in the crime-haunted solitude of his palace. His praetors and his favorites have abandoned him. But does he not stand before us as a legion of dreaded terrors?

That one lonely figure is a strong dramatic expression of the ominous night of sin into which a lost soul plunges itself recklessly, while, with insatiable lust, it clamorously calls for more drunken delights. *Nero* asking protection and safety from his jester, *Nero* at the mercy of a servile, base minion, what irony of fate! what a spectacle for men to consider! I think Cossa has remarkably interpreted the feminine nature in his creation of the two favorites of the emperor—*Egloge*, the dancing-girl from Greece, and *Atte*, the mysterious, haughty Roman woman. Nothing could be lovelier than that first apparition of *Egloge*, the blond, dimpled, blossom-like girl, before *Nero*, when he asks her how old she is, and she says: "Look at my face, and thou wilt have the answer. I dance unconsciously; I dance all the time, . . . and I never have counted the years." There is an untouched, virginal freshness about her—a youthful ignorance of vice as well as of virtue, and a sportive spontaneity for pleasure—so fascinating that you watch her fate with an interest full of apprehension, and when at last she wakes up from her love-dream in death—after she has drunk unawares the poison given to her by her jealous rival *Atte*—you think of her with compassion and not with repulsion.

As to *Nero* he is redeemed from utter infamy only by the artistic side of his strange nature, which Cossa portrays in a few firm master-touches. The historical and the traditional personage disappears momentarily under the prestige of the most impulsive and unrestrained surrender to beauty in all its varied and seductive forms, and we see the emperor working with the enthusiasm of an artist upon his statue of the beautiful Greek girl, or playing on the cythara, while Rome stands on the eve of falling into the hands of a revolted populace. It is this very immoral, irresponsible indifference to the honor of the people and to his own which surrounds *Nero* with such enigma.

Cossa is for most Romans a mythical personage. Everybody knows him by fame, but personally very few persons, and these few are the *habitues* of a *café* where he spends his time writing. Immediately after the first representation of "Nero," some of his admirers wished to give him a dinner. The day and the hour were fixed. By seven all the guests were assembled, the servants in full attendance; but everybody was waiting for Cossa, who did not make his appearance. What could it mean? After a while restless impatience and surprise suggested that Cossa should be looked for. Two gentlemen started in search of him. At half-past eight o'clock they returned, but without Cossa. Imagine the disgust and the disappointment of the host when he heard that Cossa refused to come because he had just eaten his dinner at his *café*, having entirely forgotten the invitation and his friends. It is quite representative of the man; he has no appreciation of, nor regard for, the punctilio of society, and in no way will he submit to any of its tyrannical requirements. He has the *naïve* simplicity of nature which generally accompanies genuine superiority of talent, and accepts the most modest sums for his dramatic work. For his "Nero" he got eight hundred francs (about one hundred and sixty dollars); but he and money do not keep good company together. The moment he gets any he spends it in books. He lives exclusively in a world which his fecund imagination creates for him—a world quite removed from the vulgar preoccupations of daily life; and he is a thoroughly unpractical man. Everything about him shows it; for instance, one day when he lived in the Via Torretta, it was discovered (a thing which may often happen in Rome, since a whole unseen city lies buried under the visible one) that the house which he occupied was going to fall down. Cossa, who

happened to be engaged writing, rushed into the street with his manuscript in one hand and his inkstand in the other; and when somebody asked him if he had taken all his things, he said, "Yes, I have." It is true that what he had left behind was nothing but all his clothes, all his books, and all his household goods. I think no man can be more possessed by a deep apprehension of the nobility and greatness of art than Cossa is; and that deep feeling, with a true patriotism, has shaped his whole life. When young, he served bravely for the independence of his country. Then he traveled to study men in the activity of their national life. He visited America, where Fortune for a while smiled upon him.

It was on his return from there to Italy that Cossa found himself, artist-like, without one cent in his pocket. What was to be done? From Civita Vecchia to Rome there are not much less than fifty-four miles of solid earth, and that is something of a walk for a chance pedestrian. Cossa took up his bundle and started on foot, and he walked every step of that long, long road. When he crossed the bridge of St. Angelo it was late at night; but, led on by a fixed idea, he passed before his own house, looked at the light in the window, then continued his march, till he found himself before the column of the Immaculate Conception, contemplating with a deep-felt disgust the insult done to art by that pretentious idol of bad taste, and with a sigh he exclaimed, "What fraud!" and went away.

That explains the man. What he considers the right divine of art—fixing enduringly what is fleeting—is sacred to him, and to it he surrenders his whole life with a fervid devotion.

Cossa earned his first money by translating from Spanish into Latin an act of canonization for one of his friends, an ecclesiastic. It is perhaps the nearest relation he ever has had to the church, for whose dogmas he has no sympathy. We are tempted to say of him what was said of Leopardi, the poet: "He was a pagan who came too late." Yes, Cossa is a pagan in his idea of life, in his idea of art, and intuitively his worship is given to form. His *dramatis personæ* are not lay-figures convulsively animated by an exaggerated action, nor are they shadowy silhouettes galvanized into a mere superficial and unsatisfactory movement; but they are typical creatures, which the living breath of realistic art has quickened. Read the "Nero," and compare it with any of Victor Hugo's dramatic productions—"Le Roi s'amuse," for instance. What a different literary savor you taste in these two works! Victor Hugo overcharges his situations with sensational effect, till you are oppressed with the sense of their scenic or theatrical value, while you try to reconcile your own mind with the unnecessary display of such vices as a dissolute king may practise, but which a great poet certainly should not leisurely handle and register. Cossa is ingeniously delicate and always dignified. There is not a touch of vulgarity in his pen.

B. M. V.

Science.

FOG-GUNS.

THE series of experiments on fog-signals which have been conducted by the American Lighthouse Board and the English Trinity House Committee, while they have given rise to an interesting discussion between the two leaders, Henry and Tyndall, have also resulted in great practical gain to the maritime interest in whose service they were made. In the JOURNAL of February 13, 1875, we presented an illustrated description of a novel form of fog-

gun designed for this service by the Trinity House, and the merits of which it was proposed to compare with those of other models. In accordance with the scheme then laid down, these tests have been made, and it is proposed by the aid of the accompanying illustrations briefly to review the results.

Although the report now before us dwells at some length on the disputed theory of Tyndall and Henry, it is not designed to re-

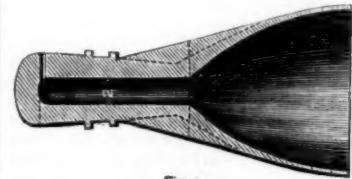


Fig. 1.

view this portion of it, since the discussion between these gentlemen has been already fully considered in these columns. Referring to the report of the trial of the several instruments—air-horns, steam-whistles, sirens, and guns—we learn that the siren, an instrument favored by our own service, is regarded by Professor Tyndall "as beyond question the most powerful fog-signal which has hitherto been tried in England."

As the siren depends upon steam at high

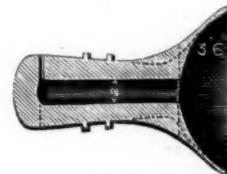


Fig. 2.

pressure for its use, it is evident that for the smaller stations the use of guns is the more convenient, and hence the need of determining the relative power of guns and value of gun-metals.

The first point established is, that guns designed as signal-instruments should not be made of bronze or brass, as those metals produce a violent local ring, the force expended in this being taken from the sound-wave, which is projected in the desired direction.

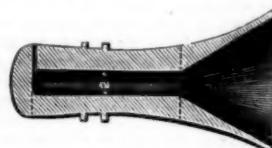


Fig. 3.

This being determined, it remains to establish by experimental test the relative value of several forms of guns—such as the common plane-gun, the parabola, Fig. 1; the concave, Fig. 2; and the cone, Fig. 3.

These instruments are of cast-iron, and the illustrations, being on the scale of one inch to one foot, will serve to show the actual and relative sizes of the several pieces. So clearly do the illustrations serve to indicate the

several forms that an extended description is not demanded.

In addition to the problem of form a second was submitted to the consideration of the manufacturers, the two being embodied in the following instructions: "To produce the most far-reaching sound possible with a charge of three pounds of powder, and to

The fact that many of the results were unfavorable, or at the best but negative in character, does not detract from the credit due to those who instituted the tests. It is often that the most rapid method for attaining to success lies in determining and then rejecting inefficient agents. If there be one regret it is that for the solution of these com-

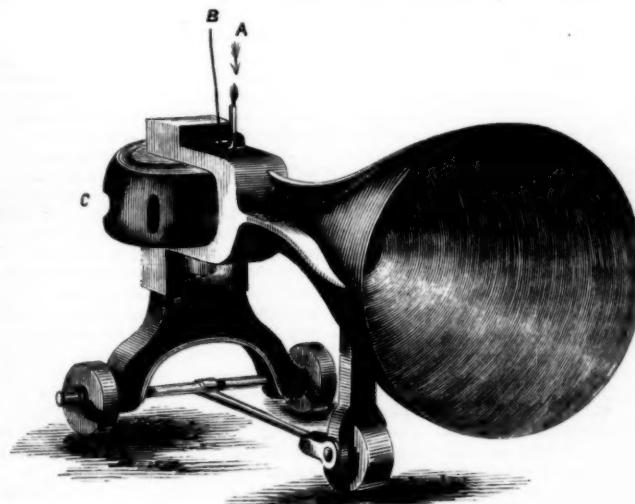


Fig. 4.

enable two men to keep up the fire at intervals of not more than five minutes during a long-continued-fog."

The devices to meet the first requirement were of the several forms indicated above, while, for the proper manipulation of the charge, a kind of revolving chamber was devised. These chambers were seven inches in depth and five inches in diameter, with a proper breech-loading or adjusting appliance. In his special report discussing the best form of mouth, Major Maitland, to whom this duty was assigned, decided in favor of the parabola, Fig. 1. He claims that for sound, as for light, the best reflector is that which will project the impinging waves in parallel directions to the front, and that for this purpose the parabola, supposing that the waves all emanated from its focus, is the best. As yet the precise form of this parabola has not been determined, though a revolving gun constructed on this principle has lately been completed at the royal gun-factories, and is illustrated in Fig. 4.

In this instrument we have the parabolic mouth and the revolving chamber combined, *A* being the lock, *B* the vent, and *C* the metal disk with chambers. It will be seen that the course of experiment as indicated a year since has been faithfully carried out, and, though as yet no positive conclusion has been reached, the report favors the parabola, and this form will doubtless be adopted.

Though these experiments concern the safety of the citizen, and are in the interest of commerce, they are also worthy of attention as indicating the thorough and exhaustive methods now applied to the deciding of all vexed scientific and practical problems.

mercial problems there should not be constituted an international board of inquiry so that no single nation should be compelled to bear the expense of experiments the results of which concern all the others.

THOUGH there are several notable exceptions to the rule that a change of party supremacy in the United States results in a change in all public offices, yet these exceptions are so rare as to justify call for a reform. It may be understood that a party which has gained control of the public patronage should wish to distribute certain portions of it so as to further the policy of which it is the exponent. There are departments, however, that from the very nature of the service they demand should be free from the assault of partisans—the army and navy, the signal service, the mints and assay offices, and the bureaus of agriculture, explorations, and surveys. To these might be added the lighthouse and life-saving service, and the Smithsonian Institution. So startling is this defect in our *habit* of government—for it is not a law—that it causes surprise among the enlightened and critical observers of foreign countries, and in certain instances their protest commands attention, since the interest which is made to suffer is a mutual one. As illustrating this, we quote from *Nature* as follows: "We hear with regret that the publications of the Geological Survey of the Territories by Professor Hayden are likely to be stopped by the partisans of rigid economy in the United States House of Representatives. If this step be carried out, it will be a serious loss to the scientific men of Europe, as well as of America. The discoveries which have been made by the staff under Professor Hayden's directions are of the highest value, both from a scientific and a commercial point of view, and the liberality with which they have been circulated in Europe by the American Government has earned the gratitude of all who

care for the advancement of knowledge. We trust that the rumor is untrue. If it be true, we hope that a voice of remonstrance will go forth from Europe. The possibility of a political change putting an end to a great national work like that of Professor Hayden illustrates one of the worst flaws in the American Constitution, the canceling of all government appointments at the election of a new President." Although the sentiment, "To the victor belong the spoils," hardly finds a place in the American Constitution, yet our worthy contemporary may be pardoned the mistake since the practice in vogue certainly seems to indicate the existence of a constitutional clause authorizing it.

FREQUENT additional evidence is being secured in support of the theory that milk can be rendered poisonous to man through the presence of certain ingredients obtained from the food upon which the animal feeds. That certain animals thrive on vegetables and herbs, the eating of which endangers the life of others, is clearly established, and, assuming the same to be true as between man and animals, the need of greater precautionary measures respecting the food of animals is apparent. As illustrative of this we learn from a contemporary that a short time ago there occurred in Rome, in the Borgo Rione, numerous illnesses which bore the character of weak attacks of cholera; they continued mostly four or five days. The frequency of such cases was in close proportion to the quantity of milk used, and it soon appeared that the illness occurred only in families that were in the habit of taking goats' milk. On examination by veterinary surgeons the goats supplying the milk were found to be in sound health. When the fodder of the animals was examined, there were found in it various poisonous plants; among others, hemlock and meadow-saffron. It has been known that goats can eat considerable quantities of hemlock and tobacco without injury, but it was not supposed before that they could also take meadow-saffron (a plant that is extremely poisonous to cows). Professor Ratti, who has subjected to chemical analysis both the milk of the goats and the matter vomited by the patients, has found *colchicin* in both—a highly dangerous poison—which no doubt came into the milk of the goats from the plants on which they fed.

Miscellanea.

A WRITER in the last *Cornhill* has something fresh to say about "Humor:"

A fashion has sprung up of late years of regarding the sense of humor as one of the cardinal virtues. It naturally follows that everybody supposes that he possesses the quality himself, and that his neighbors do not. It is indeed rarer to meet man, woman, or child, who will confess to any deficiency in humor than to a want of logic. Many people will confess that they are indolent, superstitious, unjust, fond of money, of good living, or of flattery; women will make a boast of cowardice and men of coarseness; but nobody ever admits that he or she can't see a joke or take an argument. If people were to be taken at their own valuation, logical acumen and a keen perception of the humorous would be the two most universal qualities in the world. Nothing, on the other hand, is more common than the most sweeping condemnation of other men or races. It wants a surgical operation, says the familiar phrase, to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. The French, says the ordinary Briton, have no sense of humor; the Germans are too elephantine, too metaphysical, too sentimental, or too what you

will, to perceive humor; the Irish are witty, if you please, but wit is the antithesis of humor; the Americans have a kind of cynical irony which with them passes for humor, but it has not the true, kindly, genial flavor of the English article; and even among this favored race how many possess the genuine faculty? All women notoriously hate humor; and the audience of the true humorist is limited even among males. . . .

And yet everybody has shrunk like a coward at one time or other from the awful imputation—You have no sense of humor. This phrase has become a commonplace: it is a kind of threat held *in terrorem* over the head of everybody who dares to differ from any accepted opinion. As soon as we see the remark coming, we cower and tremble; we force ourselves into the outward and visible signs of enjoyment; we are as much ashamed of ourselves as a young gentleman convicted of not knowing the difference between Madeira and Marsala; we feel as if we had been guilty of a breach of good manners. An absence of this peculiar taste is taken to be one of those congenital weaknesses which are not precisely vices, but which we are nevertheless more anxious to conceal than if they were actually immoral. . . .

What is humor? That is one of the insoluble questions. Psychologists write about it, but not very successfully. Perhaps it is because no great philosopher was ever himself a humorist. Can any one imagine Kant, or Hegel, or Aristotle, or Descartes, or Coleridge, or Hume, or Mr. Mill, or Sir W. Hamilton, really enjoying a bit of Aristophanes, or Swift, or Rabelais? The thinker loves symmetry, the humorist hates it; and therefore the two classes are radically opposed; which, one may suppose, is one argument against the merits of humor. As philosophers have not succeeded in defining the quality, we need not seek to supply their place. One fact, however, will be admitted. Humor implies a keen delight in emotional contrasts. Wit, say the best observers, differs from humor in that wit is purely intellectual, while humor implies an admixture of sentiment. Witticisms are the electric sparks that flash out when some circuit of reasoning is unexpectedly completed; humor is the discharge which takes place when two currents of feeling, differing in temperature, are delicately blended. The humorist is the man who laughs through tears. In the fabric of his emotions the warp of melancholy is crossed by the woof of cheerfulness. (I am not acquainted with warps and woofs in common life, but they are mentioned in Gray's Ode, and seem to be specially intended for literary use.) His writing is a play of cross-lights, sunshine, and shadow, dexterously intermingled or completely fused into a contradictory unity. He laughs in the midst of a prayer, and is yet not consciously irreverent; in the very innermost mental recesses, consecrated to his deepest emotions, there are quaint grotesques and images due to the freaks of the wildest fancy; the temple in which he worships is partly an old curiosity-shop; he belongs to the sect which keeps monkeys in its sacred places.

Humor, therefore—the inference is surely irresistible—is a morbid secretion. If women and children do not appreciate humor, it is because the best part of creation is the simplest in its tastes. If Frenchmen have ceased to be humorous since Rabelais and Montaigne, it is because they are the keenest of logicians. If Germans are not humorous, it is because they love sentiment too heartily to laugh at it. If the Scotch are not humorous, it is because the Puritan conception of the world realizes the solemnity of life, and scorns all trifling with its awful realities. As humor is complex, the humorist is the product of conflicting forces; an occasional freak of Nature, to be valued only by those who

prefer oddity to beauty—a hundred-limbed Hindoo idol to a Greek statue. Had Sophocles, or Phidias, or Raphael, or Dante, or Milton, a sense of humor? Do you find humor in Thomas à Kempis, or in the Hebrew prophets? A loving apologist of the "Biglow Papers" has tried to defend his client from a foolish charge of profanity by discovering some touches of humor in Isaiah—as some one once associated dry humor with the Athanasian Creed. Everything is fair in apologetic writing, as in love and war. A passing gleam of irony may tinge some Scriptural denunciations of idolatrous folly just enough to excuse an apologist driven to his wits' end for an argument; but there is not enough to excuse anybody else. The spirit of humor—the mocking goblin who sits at the elbow of some men to chill enthusiasm, to prick all the bubbles of the ideal with the needle-point of prosaic fact, to give imagination the lie, like the soul in Raleigh's verses, to tell eloquence that it is bombast, and poetry that it is unreal—belongs to the lower earth. His master or his servant—for the familiar sprite is both ruler and slave to the wizard—is tethered to the ground and can never soar without danger of a sudden collapse. And, therefore, like other spirits of the earth, he rules by our baser instincts, and his rule is but for a time. How much of all that passes for humorous is simply profane, or indecent, or brutal? Half the humorous stories that pass current in the world are unfit for publication. The great humorists, from Rabelais to Swift or Sterne, are no longer quotable in their naked reality; and as the world becomes more decorous humor becomes tongue-tied and obsolete. Of the jests that survive, half, again, owe their merit to their inhumanity. Look at any of the current stories of Douglas Jerrold, who passed for a humorist in these later days. Every recorded jest of his that I have seen is a gross incivility made palatable by a pun. The substance of each phrase is, You are a fool; the art consists in so wrapping the insolence in a play of words that the hearers laugh, and the victim is deprived of sympathy. "It was your father, then, who was not so handsome?" is one of Talleyrand's brilliant retorts to a man who spoke of his mother's beauty. What is this but to say, "You are an ugly beast," and yet to evade the legitimate resentment of the sufferer? If the poor wretch had some harmless vanity, and fancied that some reflection of a mother's beauty still lingered upon his misshapen features, would any man of decent kind-heartedness tear away this poor little salve to self-esteem for the sake of a laugh?

The Liberal Review discourses of a social grievance that not a few of us have experienced:

You are invited to a certain house, where you meet a number of people who are on intimate terms with each other, but with whom you are comparatively unfamiliar. Naturally somewhat diffident at finding yourself in a strange atmosphere, you are a subject who ought to be encouraged rather than discouraged. But, alas! the treatment which you receive effectually puts a damper upon you. It is true that there is plenty of conversation, but it is of such a character that you may be pardoned if you come to the conclusion that a conspiracy has been entered into with the view of preventing you from taking part in it. People of whom you know nothing, and, perhaps, have never seen, are talked about as quickly as tongues can rattle, but all that you find it possible to do is to put on a sickly smile now and then when the chatter and merriment of your entertainers are more than ordinarily effusive. The personal, domestic, and other concerns of a number of persons whom you have never seen having been exhausted, it might be thought that your turn would come, and that you might be enabled to redeem your character as an intellectual person, in your own eyes, at any rate, and be enabled to appear to your considerate associates as something more than a grinning, saying piece of humanity. But, alas! such is not the case. People whom you do not know, but whom you have learned to hate with a bitter hatred, having been disposed of, schemes in which you are not to take any part, and ought not to be expected to take any interest, are brought on the carpet. Again, you find it impossible to bear up against the combination of circumstances which is brought to bear upon you, and become comparatively dumb-stricken. The probability is that you return to your home feeling that you have made an exhibition of yourself, and those whom you have been mingling with come to the conclusion that you are a very dull and stupid person. At the same time, so locked up are they in themselves, it never occurs to them that they have failed to give you a fair chance. They forget that when, in a fit of recklessness, you humbly ventured to moot subjects of general interest, you were encouraged to persevere in your way by receiving monosyllabic replies, or none at all. It is time, then, that those who profess to practise the courtesies of life should learn that about the worst form of polite insolence extant is that under notice.

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